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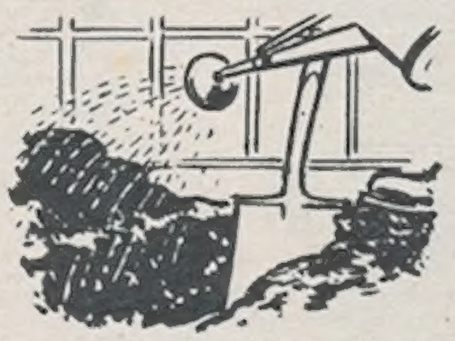

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TEMPLE BAR 2468 FEBRUARY 25 1956 VOLUME 99 NUMBER 2591

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Innes with his wife and children. He writes his novels before breakfast

MICHAEL INNES is the pen name of an Oxford don, John Innes Mackintosh Stewart, who is an authority on Shakespeare and one of Britain's best-known writers of detective stories. His latest short story, *The Heritage Portrait*, begins on page 9.

Innes wrote his first detective novel in 1935, mostly during a voyage to Australia. He has since written sixteen others, two "straight" novels under his own name, and is now completing a volume of the *Oxford History of English Literature*.

Married, with three sons and two daughters whose ages range from twenty-three to eleven, Innes writes before breakfast, from six to eight-thirty. "It's a good idea from the family point of view," he says. But during the cold, dark mornings of winter he prefers to fit his fiction-writing in where he can with his normal day's work as a Tutor at Christ Church.

ROWLAND HILDER, whose ink and wash pictures of famous houses illustrate Open To View (page 45). has his country studio at St. Julians, Sevenoaks, a fine early nineteenth century mansion on the edge of the Weald. A dozen families have flats or studios there, and in most of them both husband and wife are following careers. So the house has its own restaurant, and a special wing has just been built for the St. Julians children.

Hilder's is a family of artists. He met his wife, Edith, when they were art students at Goldsmiths' College, where their son Anthony is now studying. Their daughter, Mary, aged ten, has had a picture hung—on the stairs at their London home.

Rowland Hilder is famous for landscapes and marine pictures, and has done a great deal of press work. "Once I was sent to sketch the Fleet review at Spithead," he says. "I was put on board a paddle-steamer. It went the wrong way, and I didn't see a thing. I couldn't let the paper down, so I bribed a motor-boat man to take me out to the Fleet that night. Small boats were forbidden out there—and I soon saw why. We were caught among the ships during a tremendous fireworks display."

As he completes his National Trust drawings in the studio, Hilder listens to gramophone music. "It stops me rushing over the details," he says. He spent two years of painting listening in this way to act two of *Die Meistersinger*. Now he is unravelling act one.

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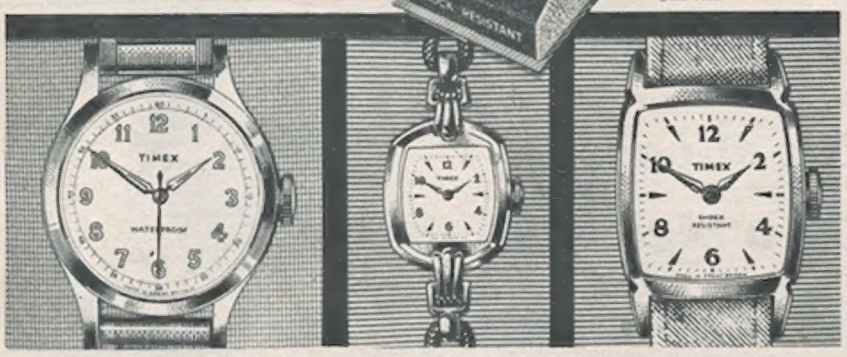

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a sad story beginning?

HAIR troubles bring distress to millions. Yet many deliberately ignore the warning signs, pretend to themselves 'it's nothing to worry about.' Then, one day, the first " thin patches " can no longer be hidden.

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Free Speech

- **Deserts of silence in the suburbs**
- **Buttonhole linguists for Britain**
- **In the tracks of the "long walkers"**

WALKING around the neighbourhood, I am saddened by the rows of silent, deserted houses. No cats in the windows, no smoke from the chimneys, no children rushing madly home to lunch—no life or movement anywhere. Just cold emptiness.

There are notes on the doors; milk and sometimes parcels wait forlornly on the doorsteps—the mothers are at work in factory, shop or office, while the children eat at the school canteen.

I don't suggest it should all be altered to add to the enjoyment of my walks. Just the same, the "emancipation" of women, like the economic situation that encourages them to work, seems to have sad results.—MRS. N. OVERTON, Barnet, Herts.

Hard Lines

Comedians are not what they were, says a reader ("Free Speech," January 28). But in the "good old days" a comedian could tour the country using the same patter for years. Modern radio and TV comics need fresh material for each broadcast. Also, Harry Lauder and Will Fyffe were not remarkable dancers, and their reputations as singers were due to the quality of the songs themselves.

Both were top-liners in their way and age, but I wonder if they could entertain the vast audiences of today without modern "gag-men."—B. G. CAMPION, London, N.22.

Light Gospel

When I lived in Toronto, I didn't see the churches using neon lighting to "sell" religion ("Free Speech," January 28). I was a chorister there, and the churches had as much dignity as any church in Britain.—E. GREGORY-WARD, Bromley, Kent.

. . . The letter "Good For Business" ("Free Speech," January 28), reminds me of a notice I saw outside a church: "If it is correct that absence makes the heart grow fonder, then this church is loved by hundreds of this parish."—H. E., Stepney Green, London, E.1.

"Bright lighting is part of our way of life," says an official of the Ontario Agent-General's office. "A neon light outside a church in Toronto is no more brash than a notice board with a shaded light in this country. In any case, only Canada's smaller and more hot-headed sects try to make their chapels look like cinemas."

The True Glen

I have lived close to a real Glentarkie ("Boy From Glentarkie," JOHN BULL, January 21 and 28) for most of my life. As a boy I roamed this lovely lowland glen in search of the kestrel, which in those days could often be seen hovering above the craggy slopes.

The farm bearing the glen name nestles by the roadside, and from it you have a wonderful view southwards to Strathmiglo, and the more distant Lomond hills. Typical, too, are the burn, the firs, and the arched bridge between Fife and Perthshire.—F. W. ANGUS TAYLOR, Cupar, Fife.

"I thought I had invented the name Glentarkie," says David Walker the author. "But I have consulted the map and discovered that I know the real Glentarkie very well. It is a beautiful glen, but it bears little resemblance to the Glentarkie described in my story."

Parlez-vous?

We are told that tourism is now Britain's biggest dollar-earning industry. Many of our overseas guests come here in all seasons, but mostly they visit Britain in the summer.

Should not those of us who speak one or more foreign languages wear small buttonhole badges to denote the fact?—B. LEWIS, Stockport.

Stamp Duty

Before going shopping in the West End, a friend put £7 10s. into an old envelope addressed to her from abroad. She lost the envelope and the money, but later a young man travelled across London to return the notes. He had picked up the envelope in an Underground station—because it had a foreign stamp.—F. M. GILLMORE, Hendon, N.W.4.

Tracks Of Escape

My husband can tell a story like "The Long Walk" (JOHN BULL, January 28). He was among hundreds of villagers—men, women and children—who were packed into cattle trucks destined for Siberia.

At the end of the line, the prisoners trekked through snow-covered forests. By the end of the journey, seventy per cent had died.

The survivors built their camp with bare hands. Like Slavomir Rawicz, my husband was questioned

about escape—but by the commandant's daughter, not his wife as in Rawicz's case. He did escape, and took the long walk to freedom.

My photograph shows my husband in the clothing issued to him.—MRS. HELEN BRECH, Welling, Kent.

Certified Clean

At least one organization—the army—believes in the importance of food handling hygiene ("Free Speech," January 28). Like other cooks in the Army Catering Corps, I was examined

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

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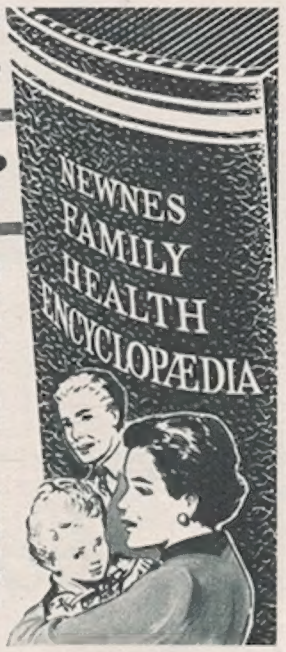

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Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

monthly by the medical officer to see if I was "free from infection."—C. P. AUGER, Birmingham, 30.

Radio Controlled?

In these days of slaughter on the roads it is amazing that radios in cars are allowed. Concentration while driving is essential.—C. A. H., Parkstone, Dorset.

Ronald Adams, the Irish lace manufacturer who won the Monte Carlo Rally in a Jaguar, says that he never drives with a radio on. "I do not think that music affects concentration," he says. "But attending to a radio talk might."

Works Of Beauty

If Tommy Marchetti ("Walking on a Work of Art," JOHN BULL, January 21) will take my tip, he will walk on a beach when the tide is out. There he will find patterns in the sand the like of which no draughtsman

ever drew, from the flowing lines of the Greeks to the clean-cut cubical designs of the modernists. The sea shells themselves are an inspiration—nature's own colours, only to be found where the land meets the sea.—D. VICKERS, Dunbar, East Lothian.

. . . Several years ago, I visited Mr. Marchetti's home at Barkisland, near Halifax, and saw some of the beautiful things with which he surrounds himself. In particular, I remember a waste paper basket made of zebra skin, a mirror with a frame of white silk finely embroidered in colour, and his garden with its small natural lake.—MISS E. A. KORNER, Elland, Yorkshire.

Learning To Lose

The child who learns to lose at ludo by degrees ("Free Speech," February 4) will grow up to be self-satisfied, self-opinionated and quite convinced he can't be wrong. Let him take defeat in the formative years—he'll be a far better loser and a better citizen in years to come.—D. R. BLOW, Blaenclydach, Rhondda, Glamorganshire.

Insult To Valour

The degree of valour required to win the Victoria Cross has, if anything, increased in the hundred years since the award was instituted. But the basic cash award has remained unchanged.

V.C. winners below commissioned rank are entitled to a pension of £10 a year—or £75 if they are "in very reduced circumstances." A bar to a Cross is apparently worth another £5 a year.

This payment is an insult to brave men. It ought to be abolished—or increased a hundredfold.—C. WILES, Scarborough, Yorkshire.

In 1856 a V.C.'s £10 was of considerable value. He could buy an engraved gold watch (£5 15s.), three shirts (£1), a cashmere dress for his wife (15s.), and, to keep him warm in the winter, a ton of coal (17s.), two large blankets (8s.), six bottles of port (13s.) and a gallon of East Indian rum (2s.). There would still be cash to spare for a silk umbrella (6s.), a hundredweight of potatoes (2s. 5d.), a relatively costly pound of tea (1s.) and a four-pound loaf of bread (7d.). A man of less expensive tastes could exist in London for perhaps half a year on £10.

Cold Comfort

The JOHN BULL weekly quotations remind me of this not unfriendly observation on our national reserve: "Englishmen have all the characteristics of the poker, without its occasional warmth." — F. DREW, Okehampton, Devonshire.

Life's Broth

In the Personal column of a daily newspaper I saw an appeal for gifts for Korean war orphans which said that "ten shillings provides a hundred and twenty hot meals." A worthy cause—but meals at 1d. a head take some swallowing! — H. WILSON, Ackworth, Yorkshire.

The Oxford Committee for Famine Relief says that a penny covers most of the cost of a meal that may comprise vegetable soup and milk.

Bring 'Em Back

The Boy Scouts, and other youth organizations, should keep in touch with their boys doing National Service and attract them back as leaders *before* they succumb to TV and lazy amusements ("Free Speech," January 21). Surely, all Boy Scouts are potential Cub and Scout masters? —MRS. E. L. HOLT, Cambridge.

Never, Never!

"Infernal hire purchase" is "the cancer of commerce," according to the defending counsel in a recent court case.

When are we going to end this idea that H.P. is one of the world's greatest evils? Any sensible person knows his financial limitations. Only weakness of character leads into difficulties.—D. YULES, Leeds, 10.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

HERE we go again. No sooner have the fashion prophets dreamed up elegant alternatives to hibernation than they're sketching ice-blue coolness for spring. Turning the merry-go-round of fashion takes a good deal of impudence. Or is it romanticism? Either way, women seem happy enough with goose pimples if they see spring-time gaiety in the fitting room mirror. And it's not so frightening for John Heseltine's cover husband this year. The fashion decree is: curves are where they should be. At last he who pays the bill is calling the tune.

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The Heritage Portrait

"I suppose it was a practical joke," said Judith. "But it turned out rather horrible"

by ***MICHAEL INNES***

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

LADY APPLEBY came into her husband's study, slipped off her coat, and sat down. "I'll have a drink," she said. She added, when Appleby had poured her a sherry: "An exhausting experience. You ought to have been there."

"Nonsense! I haven't your zest for these artistic occasions. And I scarcely knew his late lordship, have never set eyes on Littlefair, and don't belong to the Confectioners' Company."

"Comfits, not confectionery. The Comfiters. Lord Heritage was their Master. Lady Heritage was presenting them with Littlefair's portrait of her late husband. Or thought she was. For, you see, something happened. I suppose it was a practical joke. But it turned out rather horrible."

"A police affair?"

"Yes. Your excellent Inspector Chugg was on the spot before I came away. So you'll be hearing about it. This is just a preliminary note by an unskilled eye-witness."

"Go ahead," Appleby said.

Judith Appleby frowned at her glass. "Well," she said, "the Comfiters aren't one of the larger livery companies. But they have a splendid hall, and the presentation was to take place in that. The Comfiters themselves were up on the dais, along with Lady Heritage, and Jethro Littlefair, and some particularly important-looking outsiders. I was in the front row down below, so I had a lovely view. The portrait was on a large easel behind the bigwigs, draped in crimson velvet, and with an enormous rope and tassel waiting to be pulled. Littlefair was as pleased as Punch at the way they were doing him proud. Beaming behind his great woolly beard."

"You mean the blessed thing was to be unveiled?"

"Of course! There was a lot of speechifying about the deceased peer's services to the universe at large, and then Lady Heritage pulled the tassel good and hard. The crimson stuff came away without a hitch, and people began to clap. Littlefair looked as if he was wondering whether to rise and make a bow.

"He needn't have worried. The clapping stopped dead. What was on the easel wasn't Lord Heritage."

"I see." Appleby made no attempt to sound astonished. "But was it a Littlefair?"

"Certainly it was a Littlefair. I knew it quite

Mrs. Littlefair kept her poise. "I don't know what you mean, Sir John," she answered coolly

well. It was a big oil he did ages ago—in fact, when he was still a painter. Really powerful. 'Mammon.'"

"'Mammon'?" Appleby was startled.

"Yes. The least erected Spirit that fell from Heaven. A lot of the Comfiters on the dais couldn't get a proper view, and they were completely bewildered by the cries of protest from down below. Littlefair was the first person to budge. He bolted from the hall, gibbering."

"And Lady Heritage?"

"She just sat down. It wasn't nice for her. In fact it was a blackguard's joke.

"Your Chugg was there in no time, and eventually we were told to go away. All London is gossiping about the thing now."

Appleby nodded. "I bet it is—and thinking up all sorts of explanations. What's yours?"

Judith considered. "Perhaps it was a demonstration against Lord Heritage. Any big financier can be screamed about as the modern Mammon, I suppose. Or was it against Littlefair? His 'Mammon' was good *avant-garde* stuff in its day, and his 'Heritage' is just another dreary official portrait.

"Heritage, you see, wasn't a real connoisseur. He was simply another rich collector, and wouldn't know that Littlefair had long since ceased to be much good. So the stroke was quite mordant, if Littlefair was the quarry."

"What sort of a chap is he?"

"Littlefair? He's frightfully vain, and will certainly see himself as the sole intended victim. He'll be in a great state. But he'll recover."

"Do you think——?" Appleby broke off as the telephone rang. He took the call, then turned to his wife. "You were wrong," he said. "That was Chugg. Littlefair won't have a chance to recover. He's dead."

In Littlefair's house Appleby found Inspector Chugg superintending subordinates who were busily at work photographing the body. He asked Chugg the question that always came to him on such occasions. "Wife and kids?"

"A first wife somewhere about London. A second wife—name of Julia—downstairs now. No children."

"Just what happened here?"

"Littlefair seems to have come straight home in a taxi. His wife says he was badly upset, but didn't suggest anything like sheer desperation.

"Then a fellow called Ozanne arrived. He was Lord Heritage's brother-in-law, and had come straight on from Comfiters' Hall. He thought there was just a chance that the real portrait might still be here in this studio.

"Finding Littlefair still very bothered, he tried to calm him down. But his efforts, according to Julia Littlefair, had just the opposite effect. Presently Littlefair was raving against his first wife, and saying that she was responsible for the whole thing. Julia Littlefair rather egged him on at this, as one can imagine she would do. Eventually Ozanne cleared out, but not before Littlefair had taken himself up to this studio, declaring that the humiliation was too much for his delicate feelings and that he just couldn't take it."

"They simply let him go?"

"It seems so. Ozanne stopped on with Julia Littlefair for a few minutes, and appears vaguely to have suggested calling in a doctor. Then he went away, and the lady put in five minutes having a good cry. After that she came up to the studio, and found her husband dead."

Chugg paused. "It might have been suicide. Littlefair was shot through the mouth. But it looks as if the medical people aren't going to be too sure. He may have been stunned first, and then instantaneously shot."

Appleby inspected the studio thoroughly. It certainly didn't contain the missing portrait of Lord Heritage. On the other hand, there were a good many of Littlefair's earlier canvases. Julia Littlefair had vouched for the fact that the "Mammon" had been among these. She had seen it in the studio only the week before. Since then, anybody could have slipped up the fire escape and made off with it.

Presently Appleby went downstairs to interview the lady. He was not favourably impressed. The second Mrs. Littlefair had unbounded beauty and very sufficient poise, but she suggested a hard, calculating and rather empty woman.

Appleby went over the ground Chugg had already covered. Mrs. Littlefair answered with complete calm. Her husband's death might have been a severe blow to her, but she gave no indication of being knocked out by it.

"I believe you think it possible that Mr. Littlefair's first wife may have been responsible for the trick with the paintings?"

"Nothing seems more likely."

"What sort of woman is she?"

"Dowdy and queer." The reply came promptly. "She was jealous of Jethro's success after he and I found each other. She maintained that he had ruined himself as a painter; that he had prostituted his art. She has been quite fanatical about it. She'd have done anything to make a devastating public comment on what she regarded as his degeneration. That's why I think it was her at work today."

"But she wouldn't follow it up by murder?"

Mrs. Littlefair kept her poise. "I don't know what you mean, Sir John."

"I must tell you, then, that it's by no means certain that your husband took his own life."

She seemed really discomposed now. "I can't believe she'd have actually killed Jethro."

"Thank you." Appleby tried one more question. "You weren't struck by anything about your husband before he went up to his studio? There was this agitation, and so forth. But was there anything else?"

"Jethro seemed to be trying to remember something—or to work something out. He was in a terrible state over what had happened at Comfiters' Hall. But his mind was still groping after something—something that would probably have popped up when he calmed down. Does that make sense?"

Appleby took his hat. "At least," he said, "it gives food for thought. Good afternoon."

When Appleby reached the late Lord Heritage's mansion, it was to find Lady Heritage drinking coffee in the company of a middle-aged man of military appearance, whom she introduced as her brother, Charles Ozanne.

Lady Heritage received the news of Littlefair's death merely with a helpless gesture and a sigh. But her brother swore softly. "I ought to have gone after the fellow," he said.

"Surely, Charles, that's what you did do?"

Ozanne glanced at his sister impatiently. "Yes, yes—I went to Littlefair's house, as you know. But I ought to have followed him up to his studio. He looked damned bad. Kind of look I've seen before."

Appleby appeared mildly interested. "In what circumstances, Mr. Ozanne?"

"Trenches. Breaking-point. Moments, you know, when it seemed wise to get a subaltern's service revolver away from him. But one gets old. One forgets. And my mind was taken up with the blasted picture."

"I don't think you should speak of poor Rupert's portrait in that way. It was a great solace to me after my husband's death."

She turned to Appleby. "Rupert died suddenly, you know, only a few days after Mr. Littlefair finished his painting. I had it hung in my bedroom at once."

"Did you send the canvas directly to the Comfiters' Hall?"

"No, Sir John. It went back to Mr. Littlefair. He wasn't satisfied about the varnish. He had it delivered yesterday afternoon."

"And a firm did the curtaining business this morning." Ozanne offered this information. "After that, the hall was left deserted and this

valuable picture quite unguarded. Incredible—eh? Asking for monkey tricks. And now Littlefair takes the offensive joke to heart, and blows his brains out. Poor show!"

Appleby concurred. "I suppose," he said to Lady Heritage, "there was nothing about the portrait that anyone might resent?"

"Certainly not! It was a very nice portrait, very homely and informal, with Rupert in his purple velvet smoking-jacket, smoking a cigar, and with one or two things from his collection around him. There was a window, too, with several of the Heritage tankers coming up an estuary, and the Heritage refinery in the background. It was all in beautiful taste. And so many pretty colours."

"You'll agree, I'm sure, that my sister makes it sound enchanting." Ozanne's ironical tone indicated that in artistic matters he owned a sophistication of which Lady Heritage was utterly innocent. "It would have looked well, hung besides some of my brother-in-law's other things: the Velasquez Infanta, for instance, or the self-portrait of Cézanne."

Appleby was visibly impressed. "I know that Lord Heritage's collection was notable. I believe it goes to the nation?"

Ozanne nodded. "With one or two exceptions—yes. This portrait by Littlefair, of course, was my sister's property. We're having a little trouble over valuation for probate, and so on. That's why I've moved in."

"Charles is very kindly spending some months with me," Lady Heritage explained. "Of course the whole collection was very carefully catalogued as it grew. But it seems there are all sorts of difficult questions, all the same."

"I'm sure there are." Appleby said. "Did the Comfiters ask especially for this particular portrait, Lady Heritage?"

"Oh, no! I don't think they knew about it. It had never, of course, been exhibited. But they asked for *some* portrait of Rupert—and I offered this one. The Master came to see it himself, along with Lord Godlet, who owns the multiple stores, and who bought something extremely important only the other day. By one of those Italians people admire so much."

"In fact, he bought the Bleistein Leonardo." Ozanne favoured Appleby with a rather wolfish grin.

Appleby nodded. "I've seen that Leonardo. But I wish I'd seen Jethro Littlefair's Lord Heritage."

Ozanne's grin broadened. "I'm afraid," he said, "you never will."

WHEN Appleby got home, he found his wife entertaining Mr. Hildebert Braunkopf, the art dealer. It was like Judith to guess that the particular sort of information in which he abounded might be required.

Appleby went straight to the point. "Look here, Braunkopf. Did you ever have any dealings with Lord Heritage?"

"Not directly, my goot Sir John. Many of the largest most important buyers approach the market only through agents. But most always I know, Sir John. I have big intelligence all that side the great worlt of art."

"I know you have. Could you find out whom Heritage was employing on anything that he wanted treated as more or less top secret? I want whoever it is brought here. I expect you know enough about almost anybody in the trade, my dear Braunkopf, to make them feel it healthy to pay any little call you suggest."

"But certainly." Braunkopf received this ambiguous testimonial with obvious gratification. "Tomorrow evening—at six."

Appleby sought out the first Mrs. Littlefair next morning, and found her in an unassuming terrace house in a dull suburb. She was handsome in a forbidding way, and looked Appleby straight in the eye. "Must I really answer more questions?" she said. "You know that your men were here yesterday evening, and even obtained my permission to search the house?"

"It's only your opinion that I seek." Appleby let his glance wander round the lady's environment. It was austere, but there was an impression, nevertheless, of an absolute perfection of taste. It did seem conceivable that the spectacle of her former husband accommodating himself to the world of the Heritages might drive this woman to some act of bizarre fanaticism. "I wonder what you think about the present Mrs. Littlefair?"

"I don't. Julia has good looks, and nothing else. And one can't *think* about good looks."

"If she felt any reason to suppose that Jethro Littlefair was going to throw her over, would she have done anything drastic?"

"Certainly not. She would simply have sat back and worked out the stiffest terms she could safely demand. She'd do a lot for hard cash."

Appleby smiled. "Unfortunately," he said, "that's true of so many of us."

"It's not true of me."

This had come from the lady like a flash. And Appleby nodded soberly. "I believe that's so. You, Mrs. Littlefair, conduct your life on other principles."

It hadn't, Appleby thought, been a very rewarding little expedition. He stood in Mrs. Littlefair's narrow hall, preparing to take his leave. But his eye was still active. There was a telephone on a small table, and in addition to the directory there was the handbook of a motoring organization.

"You run a car?" Appleby asked.

Mrs. Littlefair appeared surprised. "Yes—a very old one."

"Awkward—isn't it? You have no garage."

"I have the use of a shed in the next road."

"I see. Did those tiresome police who visited you yesterday search that?"

"They didn't inquire about it."

"Ah!" Appleby put a certain grimness into

She drew back in revulsion from the painting. "Horrible!" she said. The canvas had been slashed and ripped to ribbons and bits of it were missing

this. "Would you mind walking round there with me now, Mrs. Littlefair?"

"Not in the slightest." But the first Mrs. Littlefair's looks, Appleby thought, belied her words.

She might have been suddenly frightened. Or she might have just been out of patience and very, very angry.

The shed was a ramshackle affair. There was a pile of sacking and old cardboard boxes at the back. And it was behind these that Appleby found the portrait.

The canvas had been slashed to ribbons, and bits were missing. But it was unquestionably Jethro Littlefair's ill-starred painting of Lord Heritage. There were the tankers coming up the estuary. One could even distinguish the cigar. When Charles Ozanne had declared that Appleby would never seen the portrait, he had been wrong.

Mrs. Littlefair was very pale. But she remained true to her principles. She touched the ripped surface of the painting, and then drew back in revulsion. "Horrible!" she said, and fainted away.

On the following evening Hildebert Braunkopf arrived punctually with a man called Carabine. He also brought a large portfolio of drawings, and with these he withdrew to seek Judith Appleby as soon as he had handed over the late Lord Heritage's agent to Appleby himself.

Carabine was scarcely a willing guest. But he appeared to realize that there was a good deal to which he must own up.

In forming his collection, he maintained, Heritage had relished secrecy and devious courses. But he, Carabine, had certainly done nothing that wasn't quite the proper thing, he said.

"I suppose," Appleby asked, "that you fixed up the commission with Littlefair?"

"Yes."

"That was just one of the jobs for which you were receiving a regular salary from Lord Heritage?"

"Of course I had a salary."

"Nevertheless, you no doubt got Littlefair the job on the condition that he let you have twenty per cent of it back as a rake-off?"

"Only fifteen. That's very moderate."

"Did Lord Heritage know?"

"I can't tell you. No—I suppose he didn't."

"I understand that Mr. Ozanne, Lady Heritage's brother, has taken charge of this side of Lord Heritage's affairs. What would have happened if Littlefair had for any reason felt prompted to speak up about that rake-off? Mr. Ozanne would probably have investigated some other of your dealings for his late brother-in-law?"

Carabine moistened his lips nervously. "Perhaps."

"And Lord Heritage's fondness for secrecy and so forth gave you a good deal of scope—shall we say to advance your own monetary interests in ways unknown to him? It would be your impulse to keep mum, if you came upon funny business by anybody else, since one exposure might lead to another?"

Carabine took a moment to consider this. "You put it all deuced unfairly," he said.

"Never mind how I put it. Just reflect that Littlefair is dead—and that the police are by no means satisfied as to how he died. That being so, I wonder if you have anything more to say."

Reluctantly, Carabine admitted that he had. "There was something," he said, "I'd got for Lord Heritage—something pretty big."

"And in a quiet way?"

"Well—yes. And I don't know what's become of it."

"I see." Appleby eyed Carabine narrowly. "Just what was this pretty big thing?"

"As a matter of fact, it was the Grandoni Apollo. You mayn't ever have heard of it."

But it was clear that Appleby had. "Thank you, Mr. Carabine," he said. "That is very interesting indeed."

It was half an hour later that Appleby rejoined his wife. Rather to his surprise, she was alone.

"Hallo," he said, "what's happened to Braunkopf? Has he sold you the whole lot?"

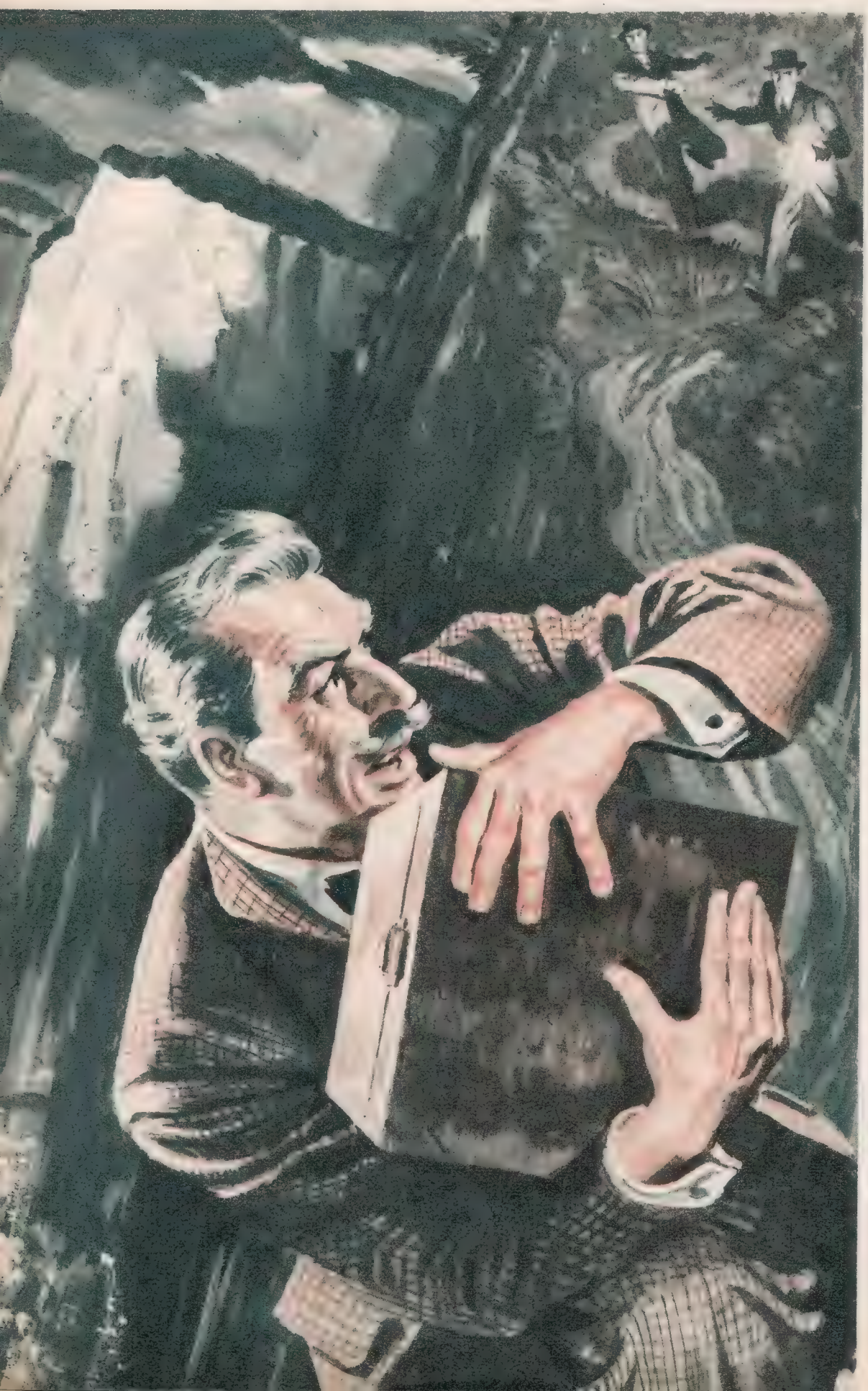
Judith shook her head. "He's gone after higher game—Lady Heritage."

"She doesn't know the top of a painting from the bottom. And she'll certainly be browned off the whole subject at the moment. I don't know why she should agree to see him."

"Braunkopf is very enterprising. He's made an appointment with her. He had a sort of lever in this job he's just done for you: digging out Carabine's association with her husband."

Appleby jumped to his feet. "Braunkopf's told her I've got on to that?" He strode across the room to the telephone. "Action stations, Judith. Get out the car. . . ."

Inspector Chugg was waiting on Westminster Bridge. He jumped in before Appleby had drawn to a halt. "A Mercedes," he said. "And it has an hour's start for the coast. We've got everything out, sir, but it's always tricky at



The pursuers gained on him. Then the fugitive slipped, and there was a single ghastly scream

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NEXT WEEK IN JOHN BULL

night. A driver who knows the country really well might just get through."

"Get through to where, Inspector?" Judith, who was sitting beside her husband in front, turned round. "Can't you have something uncomfortable waiting at the other end?"

"The other end is a motor-cruiser, your ladyship. But we don't know just where she's lying. The difficulty's there." Chugg paused, fiddling with a mechanism beside him. "Your short-wave's all correct, sir."

Judith said no more. They swept through south London in the early darkness and out along one of the arterial roads.

Voices murmured in the back as messages came in from all over the southern counties. Judith got the impression that two or three times the Mercedes had been spotted, but on no occasion by police who were in a position to give immediate chase.

A long time seemed to pass. Judith dozed, and woke up. She saw they had reached a cliff road, high above the sea. There was an alarming moment when their headlights appeared to reveal nothing but an abyss before them. Then they swung abruptly to the right, and Judith realized that they were rounding a deep cove.

At the next bend the windscreen took a sudden dangerous lunge at her face. John had brought the car to a dead stop. There was another car—stationary and without lights—straight in front of them. Chugg gave a shout and in a moment the two men were out and running. Judith followed.

And then it all happened in seconds. There was dark water far below, and from somewhere out on its invisible surface the brief flash of a signal. There was a crazy path down the face of the cliff, and there was a figure running yet more crazily down it, caught every now and then in the beam of Inspector Chugg's powerful torch.

The figure was staggering under some burden, and the two pursuers gained rapidly as Judith watched. Chugg was shouting—a summons, a warning—when his voice was drowned by a single ghastly scream. The fugitive had slipped, recovered, slipped again, dropped the burden in a final effort to regain balance, and then plunged headlong down the face of the cliff.

THEY drove back to London in the very early morning. Judith felt numb. "A better death than being hanged!" she said. Then she tapped the stout wooden box beside her. "John—what is it, anyway?"

"It's the Grandoni Apollo."

"Impossible!"

"One of the finest Greek bronze heads ever discovered. And, as you know, it disappeared again about a couple of centuries ago.

"There have been plenty of copies and engravings to tell one what it was like, but the head itself had vanished—until Carabine found it and bought it on the quiet for Heritage.

"Then Heritage hit on the notion of the portrait. Cigar, tankers, refinery, an Old Master or two—*and* the Grandoni Apollo. Think of the sensation when the thing would be recognized at the Royal Academy exhibition!

"But Heritage died. And Lady Heritage, having no notion of what was afoot, shoved the portrait into her bedroom. And there it was seen by Ozanne, who had some artistic cultivation. He tumbled to the truth, rummaged round, and found the actual Apollo."

"If he hadn't, he'd be alive today." Judith shivered.

"Quite so! Well, there was a vast temptation to steal the bronze. Because of Heritage's close ways, there was a chance that his estate could be wound up without this big purchase ever coming to light—and particularly, of course, if Ozanne himself moved in and negotiated the tricky corners.

"He decided to take the risk. And all went well—until his sister decided to give the portrait to the Comfiters. Immediately it was unveiled, and glimpsed by a competent art historian, Ozanne was done for.

"Littlefair was another risk. He mayn't have been more than vaguely aware of the importance of the Apollo. But if the portrait simply vanished unaccountably, he might begin groping for a reason—and find it. Actually, as we know, he very nearly got there in the last fifteen minutes of his life."

"So the 'Mammon' business wasn't any sort of demonstration?"

"It was designed by Ozanne to look like one—and so obscure the practical motive involved. It was also neatly calculated to throw Littlefair into a state of mind in which suicide would seem plausible. Ozanne was a little quick to plug the suicide theory, I noticed."

"And he tried to plant the thing, very much as a demonstration, on Littlefair's first wife?" asked Judith.

"Exactly! And by slashing the canvas to ribbons before planting it in her shed, he was able to remove the vital area with the Apollo.

"The only remaining danger was Carabine. But it was entirely in Carabine's interest to remain quiet, and Ozanne had no reason to suppose that we should ever hear of him. But when Braunkopf went off and prattled to Lady Heritage, she naturally passed on his talk to her brother. The game was up, and Ozanne made his last move—the move that ended on that nasty bit of cliff." THE END

Jack Dowdeswell has lost count of the number of bones he has broken as a steeplechase jockey. For twenty years, he's been taking sport's hardest knocks—and enough fences to make him a champion

Riding for a fall

by DAVID MILLWOOD

Commando Assault makes a bad landing—and Dowdeswell goes over its head. He reckons to be a stretcher case at least once a season

JACK DOWDESWELL was leading the field in a steeplechase at Taunton in 1951 when his horse fell at the last fence and threw him. He looked up and saw a bunch of horses and riders hurtling over the fence towards him. He covered his head with his hands, brought his knees up to his chest and waited.

"For the next few moments," he says, "the other horses played football with me."

As soon as the course was clear, ambulance men rushed to Dowdeswell and took him on a stretcher to the first-aid room. He remembers hearing a voice say, as he lost consciousness, "Jack's had it this time, all right."

"I must have looked pretty bad," he recalls. "My left arm was nearly torn from my body. It was the worst single injury I have had." Six months later, he was back in the saddle.

At thirty-eight, Dowdeswell, who is among the top half-dozen "jump jockeys" in the country, no longer takes any notice of doctors who tell him that he will never ride again. "They have been writing me off for the past fifteen years." He has lost count of the number of times he has fallen off and the number of bones he has broken, but he reckons to be carried away on a stretcher at least once every season.

In a job which is considered to be one of the most dangerous in sport, Dowdeswell, a stocky, ginger-haired rider with a modest manner, has a reputation for phenomenal pluck. Every steeplechase jockey expects injuries but Dowdeswell expects, and receives, more than most.

He has broken, at one time or another, his right leg, a bone in his left foot, both thumbs, both little fingers, both collar-bones, his right fore-arm and most of his ribs (seven at once on one occasion); split his right ear; chipped his left elbow; gashed his chin (four stitches), his right eyebrow (five stitches) and his mouth (five stitches). He has scars from minor injuries all over his body except his head, which is compulsorily protected by a crash helmet, and he still has two metal screws in his right leg "to hold it together."

One reason for Dowdeswell's high rate of injuries, according to his rivals, is that he will ride any horse, whatever its reputation—even the "graveyard performers" that regularly bring their riders down.

"Most of us are choosey about the horses we ride," says a fellow jockey, Fred Winter. "Jack takes terrific punishment but he always comes back smiling. He is the bravest man I know."

At Newport, during his first full season after war service, Dowdeswell was thrown from a dangerous horse and broke his right collar-bone. In the next few days, he had some highly fancied rides which he did not want to miss. On the day of his injury, a Saturday, he visited his osteopath and said: "Can you fix me up to ride at Worcester on Monday?"

"*This* Monday?" said the osteopath. "The bone will never heal in time."

But Dowdeswell did ride on Monday, won

Riding in the Grand National, the most gruelling steeplechase of them all, Dowdeswell runs into trouble. He has ridden in ten Nationals without ever completing the course

both his races, continued riding up and down the country, and finished the season as champion jockey, with fifty-eight winners out of 240 rides.

The constant pounding that his collar-bone received, however, did not allow it to knit. A Harley Street specialist told him: "This bone has been broken, splintered and knocked about so much that there is no hope of it ever knitting together. I think it had better come out."

A few days later, Dowdeswell went into hospital for the operation. "They filleted me," he says, "like a haddock."

In 1951, he went back to hospital to have the other collar-bone removed. The loss did not affect his dashing style. In 1954, he won the Imperial Cup at Sandown, and the Cheltenham Grand Annual Chase and, in 1955, the Queen Elizabeth Chase at Hurst Park. In three races at Wincanton last November he rode two winners and took one third place.

Dowdeswell's income varies, but in a good season he expects to make about £5,000. An owner may pay him up to £1,000 a year as a retainer. This does not limit him to riding for only one stable, but gives the owner first call on his services.

FOR each ride, he receives £7 with £3 more if he wins. A leading jockey gets an average of about two hundred rides a season, but relies for the greater part of his income on "presents" from owners. In a race with a stake of two or three hundred pounds, the owner will usually give the jockey about ten per cent of his winnings, but betting owners often give more. Dowdeswell once received £500.

Before the war, he won two steeplechases with the same horse and received presents of £30 each time. Riding the horse again on the flat, he won a third time—and received £250.

Owners, trainers and jockeys make more money out of flat racing because the prize-money is greater, but steeplechasing is a more spectacular sport to watch and is no longer regarded by racegoers as flat racing's ragged winter sister. Today, attendances at steeplechase meetings are often greater.

The National Hunt Committee governs the sport and appoints stewards, who apply rules almost identical to those laid down by the Jockey Club for flat racing. There are fifty-one steeplechase courses in the country, and, this season, 348 days of racing—weather permitting.

No race is worth less than £100 to the winner and many of the more important courses have races with stakes of £2,000 and £3,000. In all steeplechases there must be at least twelve fences in the first two miles and at least six in each succeeding mile. The fences, not less than four feet six inches high, consist of birch lightly packed into a wooden frame and usually faced with gorse to within two feet or so of the top. There is also at least one water jump and one ditch in each mile.

Before he goes out for the race, a jockey receives instructions on tactics from the owner or trainer and, theoretically, an account of his mount's peculiarities. In fact, particularly if the horse is a bad performer, the rider will sometimes be told a string of lies—for fear that he will pay more attention to his own safety than to winning. Once, Dowdeswell was promised "an easy ride" on a horse which refused to take the first fence. "He dug his heels in and threw me."

Dowdeswell seldom uses the whip except to "give the horse a little tap to show him there's a job to be done." He achieved a spectacular run of wins with one temperamental horse by what he calls "gentle coaxing." Some weeks later, another jockey who rode the horse was humiliated in front of the grandstand. His mount stopped in the middle of the race—in protest, says Dowdeswell, at the sheer injustice of being whipped when he was doing his best.

Although there are no rigid age limits for steeplechase jockeys, they usually retire soon after they are forty. "One day, often after a bad run of falls, a jump jockey looks at a fence and knows that he can't do it any more," says Dowdeswell, who has been taking fences and broken bones in his stride for twenty years.

The son of a professional huntsman, he was born at Pangbourne, Berkshire ("in the heart of the horse country"), and became an apprentice after leaving school at fourteen. His hopes of becoming a champion on the flat receded as he found his weight going up. At nineteen, he turned to steeplechasing, but continued to ride occasionally on the flat—often by starving himself, taking Turkish baths and doing strenuous exercise.

He once went without food for three days to reduce his weight from nine stone to eight stone two pounds for an important race at Chepstow. Driving to the course, he saw a bar of chocolate in a pocket of his car. Although feeling faint with hunger, he resisted the temptation.

He weighed in at eight stone two, won his race in a close finish, but as soon as he had passed the post he collapsed over his horse's neck. His younger brother, who was then head stable lad to the trainer Dowdeswell rode for, saw him slipping off and ran out of the paddock gate to give him a leg-up.

"I thought this might disqualify me," says Dowdeswell, "for nobody is allowed to interfere with the jockey or his equipment until he has weighed in after the race. I need not have worried—the incident was not reported to the stewards and even if it had been, I know now that I would not have been disqualified. At Worcester last November I saw a member of the crowd give a fallen rider a leg-up. He went on to win."

Today, Dowdeswell weighs ten stone three pounds and no longer races on the flat. He has no hobbies—"I spend all my time racing, preparing to race, or talking about racing." He is married, with two children, and lives in a large detached house at Lambourn, Berkshire.

His fifteen-year-old son Michael is a keen horseman, but Dowdeswell thinks it unlikely that he will become a steeplechase jockey. "One reason is his father—he sees me hobbling around on crutches half the year." THE END

Dowdeswell at his Berkshire home with his wife and children. His son is not very keen on following in father's painful footsteps

ISLAND IN THE SUN

It was a duel of wits between Maxwell and the policeman. One slip might hang him

by ALEC WAUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

Euan held her closely, her cheek against his. "I've deserved this, haven't I?" he murmured as they danced

CARL BRADSHAW, an American reporter, had stirred up a hornet's nest. He had revealed that the Fleurys—one of the oldest families on the West Indian island of Santa Marta—had Negro blood. But he did not know then that his revelation would threaten a romance. Or set the scene for murder. . . .

Jocelyn Fleury had recently become engaged to Euan Templeton, the governor's son. Bradshaw's disclosure horrified her: she had not known of her father's mixed ancestry. How could she now marry Euan, the heir to a title? Despite Euan's assurance that it made no difference, Jocelyn resolved to end their romance.

No such shadows clouded the love of the governor's A.D.C., Denis Archer, for his exotic island girl, Margot Seaton. They were intensely happy. Margot had once been the girl-friend of David Boyeur, the firebrand trade union leader.

Boyeur's biggest enemy on the island was Maxwell Fleury, Jocelyn's brother. Both men were campaigning for seats on the Legislative Council.

Maxwell, a planter, was an emotional, impulsive man. Bradshaw's *exposé* had sent him into a seething rage—and before he calmed down he had met a fellow-planter, Colonel Carson, whom he believed to be his wife's lover. Maxwell had killed Carson in a spasm of blind and jealous fury. . . . He had since realized that there had been nothing between Sylvia and Carson.

Maxwell had covered the crime cunningly, taking his victim's watch and wallet and throwing them away, in the hope that the murder would appear to be the work of a robber. But when Colonel Whittingham, the police chief, called him for an interview, Maxwell was shocked to see the wallet on the policeman's desk.

He fought hard to maintain a natural manner. When, at last, he left the office he felt weak from the ordeal. *But I got through all right,* he told himself. *I didn't give away a point. . . .*

PART FOUR

The Colonel Tries An Experiment

WHEN Maxwell had gone Whittingham swung back to his desk and took up the wallet. It was empty and he filled the pockets with paper. He rang the bell and a corporal appeared. "Have you got the car?"

"Yes, sir."

In the outside office, a ragged, frightened peasant was seated beside a constable. Whittingham beckoned to him. The man followed whimpering. "I steal nothing, Colonel, sir. I find purse in cane field."

"It's all right, Albert. You show me where you found that purse, then you can go home."

They drove along the road to Belfontaine.

"Here, Colonel, sir."

"Right. Out you get. Walk to the spot where you found this purse."

The man crossed the road and walked five yards into the cane. Whittingham stood at the edge of the road and with a backhand flick flung the pocket-book towards the peasant. It carried ten yards over his head.

"O.K., stay where you are," said Whittingham. He got into the car, reversed, then, driving forward again, he flung the wallet through the window. He had the road between him and the cane field. His right arm was not free, his left hand was on the wheel. The wallet did not quite reach the peasant. *So!* he thought. It didn't prove anything, but it was an indication.

He could assume that the wallet had been thrown from a car travelling north along the windward-coast road.

Driving back to town, he told his constable: "I want a list of the car owners who live on the windward coast, north of that cane field. Delegate all other work till this job's finished."

The colonel was amiable, expansive. "Often I know the criminal," he said. "I sit here and wait. He probably plays into my hand"

As they reached town, an idea struck him, and he made a detour by the offices of *The Voice of Santa Marta,* the local newspaper. . . .

At Government House, the engagement party was going well.

"This must be a great night for you," Mavis said to Jocelyn.

"But of course!" She smiled, aware of the irony of the moment. Yes, it was a great night for her, but not in the way that anybody guessed. She had made up her mind now. She would live in the moment, savouring a happiness which would know no tomorrow.

Euan came across to her. "I've deserved this, haven't I?" he said, as they danced.

He held her closely, his cheek resting against hers. He had a fresh, wholesome smell.

Jocelyn's parents, watching the young couple from where they were seated across the room, turned to each other.

"They really do seem happy together, don't they?"

"I don't think we need to worry about them."

"And Sylvia seemed happier this evening than I've ever seen her."

"I thought so, too."

"Maxwell seems satisfied with his second election speech," said Mrs. Fleury. "Do you think he will be elected?"

"It's not unlikely."

She looked at her husband fondly. "It's good, isn't it, to see everything turning out so well for the children?"

Maxwell left town early the next morning. He wanted to drive in the cool to his estate at Belfontaine. Within ten minutes of his return, he had changed his clothes and was on his horse. He did not get back to the estate house till half past twelve.

"I'll be ready as soon as that rum punch you're fixing is," he shouted to Sylvia.

"Hurry," she called back. "For once there's some real news in the paper. They've found the wallet."

"What wallet?"

"Carson's!"

He was glad that she could not see him at that moment. He must not hurry, he warned himself. He must not look over-interested. . . . He picked up the punch and sipped. "I needed that," he said. "Let's see the paper."

It was headlined across three columns: "COLONEL CARSON'S WALLET. FINDER DETAINED." Then across double columns: "SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY. POLICE HAVE CLUE AT LAST."

He read the story. It was only six paragraphs long. The meat was in the headlines.

"It doesn't tell us much," he said.

"It tells us that there was a wallet missing. We didn't know that before."

"Didn't we?"

"How could we have?"

Indeed, how could they have? He knew. They didn't. That was the trouble. He knew everything, while the public knew practically nothing.

THREE days passed before Maxwell heard of the police check on the island's car owners. At once his mind was beset by questions. Why had Whittingham instigated these inquiries? Why now, and not three weeks ago? Something new had happened. There must be some fresh development in connection with the discovery of the wallet. What did Whittingham suspect? What had Whittingham had in mind?

Unless I have some inkling, I shall go mad, Maxwell told himself. He had to see Whittingham—find some excuse for seeing him—then lead the conversation round to the murder, to the investigation, the wallet, evoke some confidence; find out how the land lay.

Next morning Maxwell rang up Whittingham.

"It's nothing important. But I'd like to have a word with you when next I'm in town. When would suit you best—Tuesday or Wednesday . . . ? Tuesday. Fine! About eleven."

On the Tuesday he found Whittingham as he had found him on the previous visit, his foot resting in the lower drawer of his desk.

"I've come to ask about my property during the elections," Maxwell said. "Do you think it's safe? Ought I to take special precautions?"

"I've made arrangements with the local police officer that he can get help quickly if it's needed." Whittingham explained what the help was and how quickly it could reach a given danger point. They discussed the temper of the district. As always Whittingham was bland, talkative, congenial.

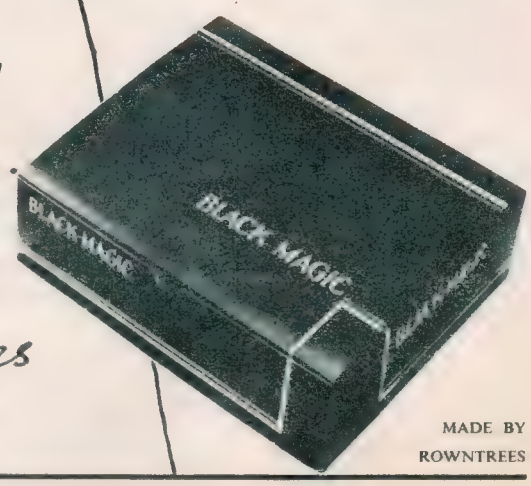
For a quarter of an hour they sat talking, then Maxwell picked up his hat. "I must be on

2. saw him hanging about the quad, but when I went down he said, "Fancy meeting you!" Of course I didn't let him know I'd seen him waiting.

But today he came clean and sent me a box of heavenly Black Magic chocolates – oh, those centres! I think anyone who chooses Black Magic must be nice, don't you, so

THE REST OF THE STORY

There are two reasons why Black Magic chocolates are worth writing home about. First, those really luscious centres. And then, however much you pay, you won't find *better* chocolates than Black Magic. This is because Rowntrees put all the value into the *chocolates*, packing them simply, but elegantly, in a smart black box.



MADE BY ROWNTREES

my way," he said. As though struck by an afterthought, he added, "I see you've found Carson's wallet. I suppose that that was it on your desk the last time I was in here."

"Very likely. What made you think it was?"

The moment that he had mentioned the wallet, Maxwell was afraid that he had made a mistake, but he had to go on with it now.

"You were holding a wallet in your hand when I came in. You put it on top of the desk. Reading that article next day in the paper, I put two and two together. I remember thinking it probably was his: after all, it's only a few of us who can afford pigskin wallets."

"So you could recognize it as being pigskin?"

"I thought it was pigskin. It was pigskin, wasn't it?"

"I can't remember," said Whittingham. "I knew it was Carson's because of the papers in it."

"You'd have thought he'd have destroyed them."

"Who?"

"The man who found it."

"Yes, you would have thought so."

"Isn't the fact that he had the papers on him proof that the man who had the wallet couldn't have done the murder?"

"Why do you say that?"

"The man who did the murder would have surely destroyed everything that could connect him with the crime. He might have kept the money. Money's anonymous, after all, but a thing like a wallet or a watch——"

"A watch?"

"Or a ring or perhaps a fountain pen."

Watch! Why did I say watch? Maxwell asked himself.

"Whichever way you look at it," Maxwell said, "the man that you caught with the wallet was a stupid fellow."

"Or else he was too clever. Criminals try to throw us off the scent by acting on purpose so much more stupidly than you could expect any sane man to."

There was a pause. Whittingham appeared to be in no hurry for him to go. Whittingham never seemed to have any work to do. The pause lengthened. It made Maxwell awkward. He had to say something.

"Do you think it's likely that the murderer tried to make it look like theft?"

"My dear fellow, how should I know? It is a possibility. There are fifteen possibilities."

"But you must have a theory."

"Why should I? It's a mistake to have preconceptions. You must keep an open mind."

"It seems a curious way to track down criminals."

"You read too many detective stories, my dear friend. Things have to happen quickly in a detective story and in a detective story the policeman is working on one case only. In real life he's working on a dozen simultaneously. Very often I know who is the criminal, but I have no proof. I sit here and wait. He probably plays into my hand some day. Very often I don't know. But I'm in no hurry. Wasn't I saying this to you before, or was it to Bradshaw that I said it? I can't remember. Look at the steel cabinet over there. It's full of files. I know at least twenty people in this town who would give ten years to have ten minutes inside that cabinet. I sit and wait and lay my little traps. Nine times out of ten they give themselves away."

"In what way? Give me an example."

"Let's see, can I think of one? It's usually something very trivial; something that isn't evidence at all, a look, an intonation, the use of one word rather than another. There was a case, now, in British Guiana a long time ago. It was forgery. What put me on to my man was his saying 'afterwards' instead of 'after.' What was the context? No, I can't remember. The key point was that the word 'afterwards' gave the suggestion of something happening after a definite event. I wonder if you get the point. No, probably you don't. I haven't explained it properly. I wish I could remember the whole story, it would interest you. That 'afterwards' put me on the scent. . . ."

"I have to thank you," said Sylvia. "Your article was a violent form of shock treatment"

MAXWELL sat at the wheel, trembling, unable to release the clutch. *"We set our little traps."* . . . *"After . . . afterwards."* What other slips had he made? The watch—how could he have known about the watch?

What traps had Whittingham set for him? The wallet—had Whittingham held it in his hands purposely, to see how he would take it? *I gave nothing away*. Maxwell reassured himself. *I never once looked at it*. Ah, but might not that in itself have been suspicious? A normal person would have looked at it, would have been inquisitive about anything he saw in a policeman's office, would have made some comment. Mightn't he have been over-clever? He shivered. He did not know what was being plotted against him, nor by whom.

He must clear his mind, think of other things: of the elections, of Sylvia, of the estate, of Jocelyn's marriage. He would go to the club, stand a round of drinks, behave as though he hadn't a trouble in the world.

The club was crowded. Twenty-five to thirty members. There seemed to be some celebration.

"What's this in aid of?" he inquired.

"Bradshaw's farewell party."

"Is he going back to America?"

"No, round the islands."

"Then he's not leaving for good?"

Maxwell turned away. A waiter was at his side. "Mr. Bradshaw's order, sir."

"Pony rum and ginger."

He crossed over to his host. "I'd no idea that you were leaving; isn't it very sudden?"

"Journalists always operate at a moment's notice."

"You've got tired of us so soon?"

"It isn't that," said Bradshaw. "I need to see the other islands. I shall understand this

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Cadbury's Chocolate Biscuits

—five favourites in one packet!

MILK ASSORTED Cadbury's Milk Assorted gives you Milk Wafer, Orange Sandwich, Cokernut, Wholemeal and Golden Crisp. They're all delicious—and of course they're all covered with Cadbury's 'Dairy Milk' Chocolate —that's the difference.

½ lb. 2/-

Cadbury's also make—all in half-pound packets: Milk Finger, Orange Sandwich, Milk Wafer, Chocolate Sandwich, Milk Shortcake.

THE LONG WALK • 5

Across the roof of the world

by SLAVOMIR RAWICZ

Ahead we saw the grimmest barrier of all—the mighty Himalayas. Wearily we climbed on into the clouds, for beyond those frozen peaks lay freedom

ILLUSTRATION BY OLIPHANT

It was a disaster, so sudden that nobody could believe it. I pointed down into the cleft, and hopefully Smith hurled a stone. I knew that we would never hear it strike

OUR march had taken us out of the burning Gobi sun into the chill days and freezing nights of Tibet. October made way for November, and there were bleak, mist-enveloped mornings when we felt leadenly dispirited, drained of energy, reluctant to flog our weary bodies into movement.

We all had our bad days in turn. The meals we were so generously given on the march by villagers were massive, but lacked fresh green stuff. We were ravaged by scurvy and alive with lice. Our bodies ached with savage pains and it was torture to walk on our cracked and blistered feet. And yet, we could count ourselves lucky that nobody suffered a major breakdown in health.

It was now more than seven months since we made our dramatic break for freedom from a slave-labour camp in Central Siberia, and in that time we had walked nearly 2,500 miles. Six of us had survived the terrible privations of that journey: myself, Slavomir Rawicz, a twenty-five year old Pole who had been sent to Siberia on a false charge of spying; a fellow Pole, Anton Paluchowicz; Eugene Zaro, a thirty-year-old Yugoslavian and the joker of our party; an alert Lithuanian, Zacharius Marchinkovas; Anastazi Kolemenos, a blond-bearded giant; and an American, the eldest of us all, whom we knew only as Mister Smith.

In our nightmare crossing of the Gobi Desert two had died of a mysterious disease: Kristina Polanska, a seventeen-year-old Polish girl who had joined us in Siberia when she was running from slave-labour on a farm; and Sigmund Makowski, a former captain in the Polish Army.

Our plan had been to press on through Tibet, and over the Himalayas to safety. Marchinkovas questioned the wisdom of this. He thought we should consider going to Lhasa or some other city where we could live for a time and build up strength for the last stage. He was mildly supported by Paluchowicz. The rest of us were

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Fergus And The Fiery Redhead

by JOHN DAVIES

She was proud and stubborn—a holy terror when roused. And she'd compromise a man to get her own way

The Man With No Pain

by REX GRIZELL

Frank Sweetman can ignore burns and broken bones. But doctors don't envy him, for pain is a guardian of health

against wasting time. I was afraid that such temporizing might soften the hard core of our resolution. The months had built up a compulsive migrant force in us, a rigid, driving habit of movement, and I wanted no interference with it until we had reached the final and complete safety of India.

Marchinkovas was not insistent and his idea was dropped. We decided to press on southwards to India.

Near the end of November we camped one night in a valley strewn with gaunt rocks where the thin vegetation struggled to exist. It had been raining and the ground was wet. Even with the tinder we carried it took a long time to get a fire going. In a shallow cave we settled down to eat what remained of some flat cakes of coarse-milled flour which we had kept as an iron ration.

The night breeze eddied the smoke from the fire about us and we sat close together for warmth. There was little to distinguish this night from dozens of others that now lay behind us. Certainly there was nothing to warn us that this was to be the setting for tragedy.

We slept, as always with the exception of Kolemenos, fitfully. One and another would awake mumbling from half-dreams to get up and tend the fire. Zaro it was who rose and went out as another day began palely to light the still desolation of the valley.

"There's some mist about and it's cold," he said to me. "Let's get moving." He stepped over the others, rousing them one by one. I stood up and stretched, rubbed my stiff legs, flapped my arms about. There was a general stirring. Kolemenos pushed me with elephantine playfulness as I limbered up.

Zaro's voice cut in on us. "Come on, Zacharius. Get up!" He was bending over Marchinkovas, gently shaking his shoulder. I heard the note of panic as he shouted again, "Wake up, wake up!"

Zaro looked up at us, his face tight with alarm. "I think he's ill. I can't wake him."

I dropped on my knees beside Marchinkovas. He lay in an attitude of complete relaxation, one arm thrown up above his head. I took the outstretched arm and shook it. He lay unmoving, eyes closed. I felt for the pulse, I laid my ear to his chest, lifted the eyelids. I went through all the tests, fearful of believing their shocking message. The body was still warm.

I straightened up. I was surprised at how small and calm my voice was. "Marchinkovas is dead," I said. The statement sounded odd and flat to me, so I said it again. "Marchinkovas is dead."

Somebody burst out, "But he can't be. There was nothing wrong with him. I talked to him only a few hours ago. He was well. He made no complaint. . . ."

"He is dead," I said.

Mister Smith got down beside the body. He was there only a minute or two. Then he crossed the hands of Marchinkovas on his chest, stood up and said, "Yes, gentlemen, Slav is right."

Zacharius Marchinkovas, aged twenty-eight or twenty-nine, who might have been a successful architect in his native Lithuania, had given up the struggle. We were stunned, we could not understand it, we did not know how death had come to him. Perhaps he was more exhausted than we knew and his willing heart could stand no more. I don't know. None of us knew.

In the rocky ground we could find no place to dig a grave for him. His resting place was a deep cleft between rocks and we filled up the space above him with pebbles and small stones. Kolemenos carried out his last duty of making a small cross which he wedged into the rubble. We said our farewells, each in his own fashion. Silently, I commended his soul to God. Then the five of us went heavy-footed on our way.

THE country changed again, challenging our spirit and endurance with the uncompromising steepness of craggy hills. We learned to use our wire loops as climbing aids. We tried always to find a village to spend the night under cover, but all too often the end of the day overtook us in the open with no human settlement in sight.

Towards the end of December we came across the biggest village of our Tibetan journey, almost a small township of about forty houses arranged with an unusual regularity on each side of the road. Among them was a larger building. This we discovered was a school and the teacher there was a slim, lean-faced, sharp-eyed Asiatic who spoke French.

Through Zaro we were able to converse and, over a meal in one of the houses, we told him of our march.

"And where are you going now?" he asked.

"We are trying to reach India," said Zaro.

The teacher showed concern. "You should change your route," he advised us. "The weather will be bad in the mountains and you will suffer greatly. The best thing you can do is to go to Lhasa and join up with a caravan. You may have to wait a long time, but you will find it worth while."

Zaro said we would think over his counsel, but we knew that we were going on and that we should never enter Lhasa. We sat there talking until long after darkness. Zaro got the teacher to work out the date. It was December 23, 1941.

The next morning we were given food and sent on our way with good wishes for the success of our journey. On Christmas Eve we sat up around a bright camp fire. The night was freezing and nobody wanted to settle down to a chilled half-sleep. We talked about Christmases we had known, of the awful Christmas a year ago when we were slogging north through Siberia to the prison camp. Paluchowicz, that tough, devout old Roman Catholic, surprised us all by suddenly starting to sing in his rusty, off-tune voice a Polish carol. He got through two verses; then, finding we were not going to join in, became silent.

After a while he said, "Every Christmas since I was old enough to remember I have sung carols on Christmas Eve. So tonight I sang a carol. It will be good for us, I know."

On Christmas Day we moved on. The days were cold now, the nights colder. Snow-charged clouds hung menacingly over the distant, gaunt foothills of the Himalayas. In a poor hamlet of four stone-built shacks we stayed one night and the next morning spent several hours making warm mittens from a fleece given to us by a friendly villager.

There came one clear day when we saw the snow-capped, cloud-topped soaring hump of the Himalayas, deceptively near. We were, in fact, a long way off and were to find the intervening distance filled with trial and hazard.

I ESTIMATE the time to have been late January when we came to a great river, iced over from bank to bank. This must have been the broad Tibetan waterway flowing west to east across the southern part of the country to find its way into India as the mighty Brahmaputra.

In February we encountered our last village, just eight or nine two-storey houses snuggled in a hollow a couple of hundred feet above a narrow valley. The Tibetans, when they understood by signs whence we had come and where we intended to go, were amazed at our hardihood, or folly.

We were gently ushered into one of the houses, made to sit on low benches polished with years of use, fussed over, given steaming hot tea and fed with mutton and the usual filling oaten cakes. From all the houses men and children came to look at us. Undoubtedly our arrival was an extraordinary event.

We stayed the night and slept in cosy comfort while the wind moaned and whined around the walls outside. In the morning, while we ate a substantial meal, we were amused to watch the Tibetan householder going around our worn old sacks, lifting them and feeling at the contents.

Said Zaro: "Perhaps he's making sure we haven't packed up the family silver."

The Tibetan could not have known what was said, but he was pleased to see us laughing, and joined in. When the investigation was over, he looked at us with some concern, pointed to the sacks and to the food that we were stuffing into ourselves.

He went out of the front door, followed by a youth of fifteen, and they returned with a young sheep freshly killed and skinned. For some hours the two women of the house busied themselves roasting the meat over an open fire.

Meanwhile the man walked round us, examining our cut and bruised feet. He went up the stone stairs and brought down some raw wool. With one of Paluchowicz's moccasins he showed us how we could insulate our feet against cold. He pulled out fistfuls of the wool and handed them round. It was an excellent idea, and I

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In front of the television camera, Dobson makes the point and Young clinches it with a snatch of a gramophone record

Dobson and Young set magic to music

by JOHN ENNIS

One has a conjurer's calculated patter, the other is a wizard with records. . . . They weave a lecture-hall spell

Off duty, Dobson (left) and Young practise what they preach and guard their own leisure

THE lecturing team of Dobson and Young say that they do not have a sufficiently pungent vocabulary to give their views on *Music While You Work*. For sixteen years, they have spent a large part of their time trying to convince people that music, to be enjoyed, demands concentration. Probably the most satisfying moment of their lecturing career came one day in an army canteen packed with three hundred soldiers who had been ordered to attend. Dobson paused in his talking while Young illustrated the point with a record of quiet music.

After a moment, Dobson saw Young trying to attract his attention. He looked where Young pointed, towards a piano that stood at the side of the platform. A mouse sat as if listening to the music. None of the three hundred soldiers in the room was making enough movement to disturb a mouse.

Since they formed their partnership in 1940, Dobson and Young have worked out a skilful blend of entertainment and instruction in order to persuade an unwilling public to try to get more benefit from its leisure time. A well-known critic once said that they combine "the calculated patter and deft hand of the stage conjurer with the smoothness of the practising psychiatrist."

Walter Dobson, a mild-mannered man of fifty-two with a cherubic smile, a high-pitched voice and a Lancashire accent, has given nearly five thousand lectures to Servicemen, industrial workers, business executives, schoolchildren, college professors, musicians, hospital patients, criminals, the criminally insane and ordinary citizens. Most of his talks are about music, but he also lectures on the use of leisure; on productivity (for the British Productivity Council); and, as the Briton who almost certainly knows more about this subject than anyone else, on the technique of lecturing.

At the same time, Walter Young, who is fifty-one, sits mute among his electronic gadgets a yard or two from his partner. He has played more than 100,000 snatches from gramophone records. Together they have travelled a million miles to lecture in Europe and North Africa. They estimate that between them they have answered 25,000 questions.

Dobson and Young charge for their lectures on a sliding scale. Industrial concerns pay twenty-five guineas and expenses. Clubs and societies pay twenty guineas, and schools ten guineas, with the lecturers standing the cost of

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Running with Christopher

THE row of houses backed upon a field in which the children were playing. Ben, hidden behind a bush, studied them intently. The one in the red jersey was Christopher, he was sure. Fine thing it would be if he took the wrong child! But no fear of that, he thought, fingering in his pocket the wallet that held the photographs.

While he waited he gazed at the houses, counting along to number fourteen. That was Sarah's. He tried to pretend he could see someone moving in an upstairs window, but it was only a curtain in the breeze.

Two American bombers, climbing on take-off from the airfield a couple of miles away, passed over him. He thought of all the times he had flown over this flat eastern county of England, with the fighter escort building up overhead, until the heavy-laden bomber formation swept out towards Germany, and the flak.

And then the homecoming, with the fervent inward prayer of gratitude for safety, and the happiness of knowing that Sarah would be waiting for him.

But that was more than ten years ago.

As the noise of the two bombers faded he was suddenly aware of voices. The children, playing some sort of hide-and-go-seek, had wandered to his side of the field.

He waited until the red jersey came near, then he called cautiously: "Christopher! Hi, there, Christopher!"

The child came hesitantly towards him.

"Bet you don't remember me," said Ben, smiling, "I'm your Dad."

"You my Dad?"

"Sure. You knew I'd come some day, didn't you? Now here I am."

Christopher, suddenly confident, walked towards him and said: "I've got a new whistle."

"You have? Do you know what I've got? I've got some candy."

"Candy?"

"Sweets," said Ben, hastily remembering. "They're over there in my car."

"You got a car?"

"Sure! Would you like to see it?"

Ben put out his hand, the boy took it fearlessly, and they walked towards the trees behind which he had hidden the car. If the other children raised a rumpus, he'd have to run for it. But they reached the car without trouble. Christopher took the sweets, and, when Ben asked if he'd like a ride, nodded.

"Jump in, then."

Ben started the motor and crept down the lane, exultant. He'd got him. And, once away, not Sarah nor all the wigged judges on their high benches would get Christopher back from him. In four hours—by seven in the evening—they'd be in London, where he had hotel rooms booked in a false name, and where Frank, his lawyer, would be on the phone to guide him.

Next day, across the Channel—Sarah had forgotten that he still had the child on his passport from the last time they took a trip as a family. And, once in Paris, he had his air booking to New York.

Then they could start the legal battle all over again, but with one difference. This time he would have Christopher.

He turned the car from the lane on to the main road, and tootled the horn in triumph.

"Where are we going?" asked Christopher.

"To London. And after that, how would you like a ride in an airplane?"

"I'd like that. Will you drive the aeroplane? Mummy says you're frightfully good at driving an aeroplane."

Ben, startled, glanced down at the child.

"Did Mummy say that? Did Mummy tell you about me?"

"Oh, yes. She tells me stories about how very brave you are. She tells me stories every night."

"So!" said Ben. He had taken it for granted that Sarah would have blackguarded him to the boy, not built him up as a hero. But, of course, she had done it for the kid's sake, so that he would not feel less than other kids who had fathers living there. He thrust his foot down on the pedal and shot the car ahead.

An hour went by, two hours, with Christopher delightfully prattling and the car running fine. He'd have been missed by now, Ben reckoned, and some sort of alarm raised. But where would they look? He grinned to himself.

Just then, where the road curved on the approach to a village, a policeman stepped out and waved him to stop. Ben's thoughts whirled as he automatically slowed. Then suddenly he panicked, jammed down the accelerator, raced past the policeman—just catching the look of astonishment in his eyes—screamed round the corner and fled down the straight road ahead.

Christopher, looking back, remarked with satisfaction: "There's been a nasty smash-up there."

Ben peered into the driving mirror. Just past the corner two cars were slewed up together by the roadside. That was all the policeman had wanted, help from a passing motorist.

And, like a crazy man, he had lost his nerve and driven past. Ben cursed. In the mirror he could see the diminishing figure of the policeman hastening towards a telephone booth.

HE reached for the map and eased it open on his knee. The next town was three miles off, then miles of winding road with only villages.

The town, when they came to it, was a huddle with a narrow main street. Towards the farther outskirts a big truck was in difficulty negotiating a corner. Ben slowed, stopped, lit a cigarette and nervously waited. He glanced up a side street to his right. Where it broadened, a couple of hundred yards away, a police car was manoeuvring to turn.

He pressed his horn sharply at the truck, which eased aside to let him through. As he raced on he could see the truck blocking the road again behind him. He had, perhaps, five

This boy was his son, and once they were out of England no one could take him back —not the judges in their wigs, not Sarah

by ***DUDLEY BARKER***

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

minutes' start. But then, police cars had radio. He realized he would have to abandon the car.

At the entrance to the next village stood a garage. Ben pulled impulsively toward it, ran the car into the shed at the back and got out, lifting Christopher after him.

To the mechanic he said : "I guess there's something wrong with the fuel feed. Will you check it for me? We'll stroll around."

The mechanic nodded. Through the window of the shed Ben saw the police car race by.

"Where are we going?" asked Christopher, as Ben took him by the hand and led him into the village street.

"I thought we'd take a walk."

"Wish I'd got Winky. Winky's my dog."

"What sort of a dog is that?"

"He's not a live dog. He's a wool dog. He's mine."

"Well, in that case. . . ."

Ben looked up and down the street. There was a little store on the corner.

"You got any wool dogs?" he asked the old woman behind the counter.

She had one, a rather draggled one. "It's seven shillings and sixpence," she said.

Paying her, Ben watched the boy take the

"You got a car?" said the boy. Ben nodded. "Sure. Would you like to see it?"

dog in his arms, stroking it, and pure happiness filled him. To buy Christopher a toy again! He swore to himself that when they got home they'd clean the town out of toys. Wonderful toys he'd buy him, anything he wanted.

He asked the woman if there was a bus going in the London direction. There was one in ten minutes to the next town, she said, and there they could take a train.

"I'd rather go in an aeroplane," said Christopher.

The bus was full of fat countrywomen and men of slow speech. It trundled past the flat fields across which the evening sun was peering. Ben put his arm round Christopher and the boy went to sleep, warm against his side.

At the town, the railway station seemed to be deserted. Ben, worried, at last dug out a porter. Next train to London? In two hours and twenty minutes' time.

Suddenly the child began to cry.

"What's the matter, son?"

"I want Mummy."

Ben hurriedly made up his mind. Over from the station was a decent-looking inn. He explained to the landlord that they had missed a connection to London, and the little boy was tired. Certainly he could put them up for the night, said the landlord.

Somehow Ben got Christopher undressed, and he was happier then, sitting up in the strange bed with his new wool dog, drinking a glass of milk.

"Aren't you going to hear my prayers?" he asked.

"Sure, sure," said Ben, awkwardly kneeling by the bed.

The prayers, repeated in the high little voice, included, "God bless Daddy." Ben, embarrassed, put out the light.

"Shall we see Mummy tomorrow?" Christopher sleepily asked.

"Maybe," said Ben.

He spent the evening in a corner of the oaken bar, sipping, for memory's sake, a tankard of bitter beer. It was in just such an English country pub that he had first met Sarah.

Ben was new to the war then. The whole outfit was new. The airfield itself had just been rolled out. And this shiny newness contrasted oddly with the shabby, clothes-rationed, pinched war-weariness of the English all round.

And then came Sarah. She was with the girl friend of an R.A.F. squadron leader he had met, and they teamed up for the evening.

She was an ordinarily good-looking girl, blonde hair down to her shoulders, snub nose, large brown eyes, a firm figure, wide hips, sturdy ankles. It was not her looks, but her youth and vividness that had appealed to him. As time went on and the war got hotter, the crew casualties more and more grim, she came to mean to him life against a background of death.

Ben checked his compassion. "I've had this planned a long time," he said grimly. "There's nothing you can do about it"

They were married in the village church close to the airfield, having each contrived a week's leave for the honeymoon—she was an officer in the women's branch of their army. They went to a big London hotel, bright inside the blackout. It was the time of the flying-bombs that sounded through the night like motor-bicycles. So long as the engine kept going you were all right, but when it cut there was half a minute of silence, and then the explosion.

Ben remembered one that came over as she lay in bed in his arms. It cut out. In the silence he saw, by the dim lamplight, the fear in her eyes. And with the explosion that shook the window she pressed herself shuddering against him, clutching so convulsively at his arms that her nails drew blood. . . .

Ben stirred and sighed at the memory. He finished his beer and asked the landlord of the inn where he could use the phone. After some difficulty, he got through to his lawyer's home in London.

"Where the hell are you?" came Frank's voice, anxious.

"At a country pub. We ran into trouble."

"I'll say. Have you seen a newspaper? Police searching everywhere for kidnapped child. Surely you had only to drive straight here."

"Can't explain now," said Ben thickly. "I'll get to London tomorrow and call you. Switch the hotel reservation to tomorrow night."

"All right. But watch out! If they pick you up within the jurisdiction of the court we're in for a long legal fight. Stay away from railways."

Ben went upstairs, apprehensive and uncertain. The child was quietly asleep, one arm flung out over the pillow. "O.K.," said Ben grimly, "let 'em look. Through hell and high water they catch us now, son."

In the morning he got the maid to bring newspapers with the breakfast tray to his room. Christopher had been fretful, not complaining of anything, but restless. Ben ran hastily through the papers. The story was there, of course, and some of them had gory pictures of Christopher.

As he read, the boy kept tugging at his sleeve. "Keep quiet a moment, can't you?" said Ben irritably.

Next minute the child was on the bed, face down, weeping. Ben put his arm round him, but he would not be comforted. He wanted, of course, his mother.

Ben had known there would be scenes like this at first and had faced up to it; it would be necessary to go through this for the sake of the happiness beyond. But now that it was happening his spirits sank.

He restrained an impulse to shake the boy, and managed at last to coax him from his tears by bribes of things promised when they reached London.

He paid his bill and got out of the inn without seemingly arousing suspicion; curious how people missed things right under their eyes.

On the main road outside the town he thumbed a lift in a truck, on an excuse that his car had broken down and he had to get to London to meet his wife. The driver, a friendly soul, was content for a couple of pounds.

So there they were, trundling through the quiet countryside as the road unrolled between trees, past little red farmhouses, through villages with Norman spires; and Christopher happy again, pretending to drive the truck, *toot-toot, watch-me-go-round-the-corner,* and absorbedly making *ch-ch-ing* noises.

Ben, watching him, was filled again with the knowledge that this child was the only thing in life that mattered to him.

He began idly wondering why. It had not

"Keep quiet," said Ben irritably. The child started to weep and would not be comforted

been so when the boy was a baby; it was Sarah he had thought about then. When he returned to the States after the war, it was to bring Sarah out to him that he worked up his old business, plunged, speculated, made good use of the chances that came his way.

There were an apartment and an automobile waiting for her when she brought eighteen-month-old Christopher across, and most else she could ask for. But she had not liked it, had always hankered to get back to England.

CHRISTOPHER had liked it. Children have no country. Slowly Ben's happiness had concentrated on the child, while Sarah grew thinner and more irritable, discontent starting to show up in the lines round her eyes.

O.K., he had said at last, let's all go back to England. He could make a go of things in London. It was really for Christopher that he offered.

Yet London had not worked out either. Ben did not like the place, and business was cramped. He would have stuck it out, except that he came to see that Sarah was bored with him. It had been the conventional wartime marriage that breaks up in peace.

So he left. He wanted to take the boy with him, but Sarah fought. She'd take good care, she snarled, that he would never so much as see the boy again. Her pride, he reckoned, was hurt because he left.

She went to the English courts. And because, in the frustration of his family break-up, he had gone on the bat with a few women and got drunk a couple of times, she made out that he was an unsuitable influence on the boy, and the judge nodded and made an order that he was to stay away.

Back went Ben to New York, bitter and sour. And he kept on being unsuitable. If that was the way they wanted it, he'd be good and sure unsuitable.

But all the time, in the back of his mind, was Christopher. After a while this sobered him up, gave him ambition. It was that one day, despite all the judges in all the courts, he'd have his son with him again and give him the earth.

He was roused from these thoughts by the truck pulling up at a small café. "Want a cup of coffee?" asked the driver.

Ben didn't, but he nodded and lifted Christopher from his seat and they went into the café. It was small, with a few other drivers sprawling at the tables, and a radio playing. Ben got two mugs of coffee, and a lemonade for Christopher.

"How far are we from London?" he asked the driver.

"About fifteen miles now."

"Fifteen miles, eh?" said Ben absently. He was looking at a newspaper one of the other drivers was reading. On the back, half folded, was a picture of Christopher.

Suddenly his driver got to his feet and said: "I've got to phone my boss."

Ben suspiciously watched him go into the phone booth, dial a number, start talking. Who was he really talking to? Had he seen that newspaper?

Suddenly Ben panicked again, but in a controlled sort of way this time. He took the child's hand as carelessly as possible, led him slowly out of the café into the sunshine, over to the truck, beyond it across the road, through a gap in the hedge into a field.

"Let's hide," he said.

Christopher joyfully agreed. He loved hiding. "Where's the man," he asked.

"Ssh! He's a cowboy, we're Indians," improvised Ben.

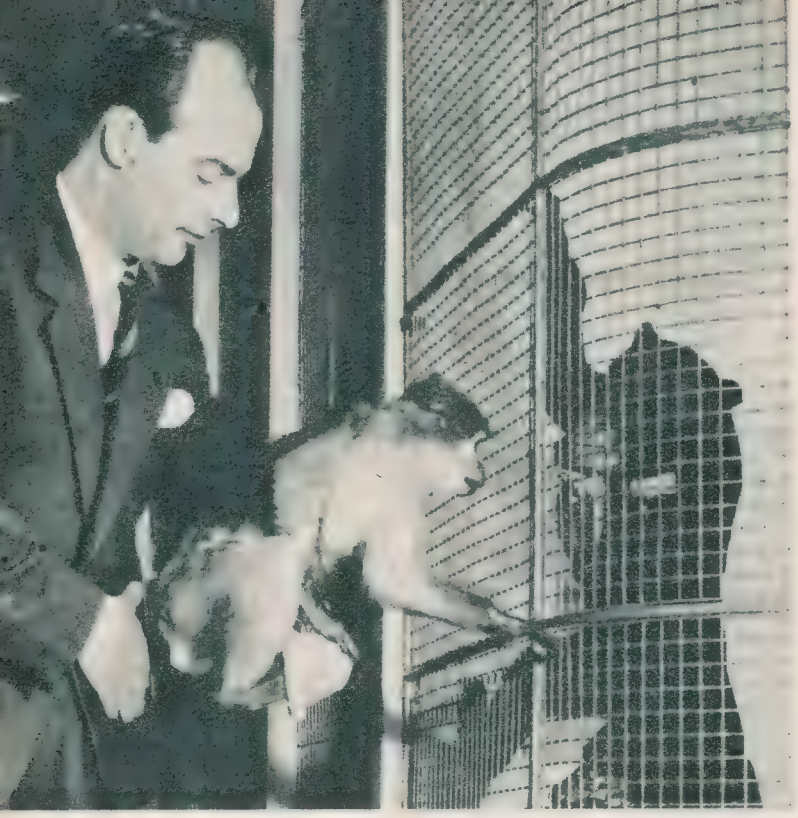
"Let's shoot him."

"No, no! Ssh! Keep very quiet."

The driver had come out of the café and was standing in the road, puzzled, gesturing to another man. Then he shrugged, started up his engine, and made off down the road.

Ben glanced around. He was afraid to try another truck. Farther down the road there were the first houses of a small town. He took

Continued on page 43



"Mrs. Flanagan" and Hall on a tour of the shop after closing time. Another monkey snatched off a customer's wig

A jewelled collar for a poodle. One dog owner wanted a gold collar. Hall said it would give the dog a headache

Pets at a price

by REX GRIZELL

Animals mean business for William Hall. His customers find all sorts behind bars—though there's monkey business if they stand too close

ORDER clerks at Harrods, the London department store, were recently mystified by a letter which read: "Please send a pair of black lace satinette oriental frills, for which I enclose five guineas." Inquiries in the haberdashery, hosiery, gloves, and ladies' underwear departments failed to identify what the customer wanted. Messenger boys with copies of the order were sent to every one of the store's 202 selling departments. At last, one despairing messenger approached dapper William Hall, manager of the pet shop.

"Sorry to ask a silly question Mr. Hall, but do you know what black lace satinette oriental frills are?"

"Of course," said Hall. "They are a variety of pigeons."

Hall, who was able to meet the order, often gets odd requests. He has been asked to send French bulldogs to France, and he once received a letter from Siam asking for Siamese kittens. The owner of a famous night club asked him if he had any turtles suitable for making soup. One potential customer wanted to know if he could supply a rhinoceros.

"I told him that we didn't have one in stock, but that it could be obtained at the current market price of five thousand pounds," says Hall. "It seemed to damp his enthusiasm."

Harrods's animals range in size from ants to 80-lb. Malay bears, and in price from 2s. 6d. for a mouse to the £350 which one private English buyer paid for a macaw. Hall's department caters for all tastes with a stock of animals which varies from puppies, Siamese cats and guinea pigs to South American agoutis, lizards, racoons, alligators, tropical fish and thirty to forty different kinds of exotic birds.

Hall describes pets as "big business" and quotes figures to support his claim. More than £7 million a year is spent on dog biscuits in Great Britain alone; not less than £5 million worth of bird seed is sold annually. The manufacturers of a famous cat food can afford to spend £250,000 every year solely to advertise their product. Of the 40,000 bird cages produced every week, half are for the home market. Imports of tropical fish amount to £100,000 worth each year. Altogether, says Hall, the nation's bill for buying new pets and maintaining the population of four million dogs, six million cats, and a million birds, has been estimated at £70 million.

Sales of pedigree dogs, at £4,000 annually, form the biggest item in his turnover. He sells a total of several thousand "small animals," the trade term for rats, mice, guinea pigs and rabbits, every year.

Although he keeps a much wider stock than most pet shops, there is one item for which Hall has to advise customers to look elsewhere. One afternoon a few years ago, the dignified calm of Harrods's baby linen department, which was then next to the pet shop, was shattered by the terrified scream of a salesgirl who found a snake curled up in a drawer full of baby clothes. After that, snakes were banished for ever from the store.

IN the pet trade, escaping animals form a hazard which can sometimes be expensive. Monkeys which escaped in one pet shop opened some of the bird cages and ate £50 worth of the occupants; later they crossed the road and entered an art shop where they tore up modern paintings worth hundreds of pounds.

Hall has had no disasters of this nature but he has been troubled by disappearing hedgehogs, squirrels, monkeys, and dormice. The hedgehog was found on the roof. After being lost for several months in the building, the squirrels were eventually trapped in the cellars.

Hall, whose hands are habitually covered with bites and scratches—"I've been bitten by everything in the place"—is an expert on animals' manners and temperaments. Very often, he says, the smallest and most inoffensive looking creatures are more dangerous than larger ones.

Cuddlesome looking bush babies and the dainty little marmoset monkeys are vicious biters. Macaws, placid enough to be allowed uncaged in the shop, can split brazil nuts in half with their beaks. Marmosets are extremely sensitive and lack the will to live. "A marmoset with a cold will die. Nothing can be done about it," says Hall. "If a marmoset takes a dislike to a place, it will die rather than put up with it." He recommends keeping them in pairs so that they can keep each other cheerful.

English and foreign royalty, film, stage and TV stars, millionaires, M.P.s and visiting Americans are among Hall's regular customers. Sometimes people passing through on the way to another department stop and buy something on impulse. One well-known marchioness paused to look around and bought a five guinea bull frog. A customer inquiring about Siamese cats bought a toucan instead. A man who bought a boxer puppy suddenly said: "I think I'll have a couple of alligators as well."

Hall's alligators are about two feet long. They come from the Mississippi, and grow about twelve inches a year, reaching a length of more than twelve feet. "Most people detect a hungry look in their eyes long before then," says Hall. "They give them away to zoos." He knows of one old lady in Chertsey who has four alligators, the largest seven feet long. They are allowed the freedom of the house and garden, and, according to the old lady, "we are all one big happy family."

There is one aspect in which the pet trade differs from most others, says Hall. "Many of your customers think they know more about it than you do." One customer stood beside

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

The pet shop caters for all tastes. Hall sells ant colonies, alligators from the Mississippi—and he can order rhinoceroses. But there are no snakes

Hall sells more pedigree dogs than anything else. If a breed is fashionable, the price rises

Parrots and admirers. The most dangerous creatures are often those that look least aggressive

Tommy gets fun out of life

-and Hovis puts life into Tommy

With every slice of it—and he enjoys so many that you wonder where he puts them all—Tommy is getting more than ordinary bread provides. With eight or nine times as much wheatgerm, Hovis gives bounding energy to-day and good bones and teeth for to-morrow and all the years to come. That's why every happy family needs Hovis every day.

Hovis
is the slice of life

YOUR LOCAL BAKER BAKES IT!

Hall as he was talking to a visitor interested in a Corgi pup. "That dog looks ill to me. I wouldn't have it," said the man. "I can always tell, I used to breed them. Price is high, too." There was nothing the matter with the dog, but the remark killed a certain sale, says Hall.

One customer complained to the R.S.P.C.A. that Hall had a wild magpie caged up which ought to be turned loose. An inspector called and as he stood beside the aviary he suddenly pulled a large white handkerchief from his pocket and waved it at the bird. Instead of flying up to the ceiling, the bird, which was tame, merely cocked its head on one side and looked suspiciously at the inspector. He agreed with Hall that it would have been cruelty to turn it loose when, after years of living in a cage, it would have been unable to fend for itself.

Hall describes some of his customers as "a little eccentric." One woman rang him up to say that her budgerigar was growing horns. The bird had gone through its baby moult and what the woman described as horns were the quills of new feathers.

Another woman telephoned to say that the terrapin which she had bought a few days before was dead. She wanted Hall to replace it. He sent another one. Soon the woman rang up to say that the second one, too, was dead. Hall refused to send a third before he had seen the bodies to find out what was happening to them. The woman sent one back, and when Hall opened the container, he found a live and perfectly healthy terrapin. He was about to write a scathing letter when the woman telephoned again to say that she had just realized that they were not dead, but sleeping.

Hall says that cockatoos and monkeys are the liveliest and most troublesome of the animals he deals with. One old cockatoo of rather tattered appearance used to lie with its wings outspread in the corner of its cage farthest from the crowd. Several customers a day reported the death of this cockatoo to Hall.

"I became so tired of explaining that the bird was foxing, that I used to tell people to tap the cage. The cockatoo always threw itself at them the moment they touched the bars. That was what made it so tattered."

Monkeys also are extremely quick. In spite of a large notice warning customers: "Do not lean too near the cage," one monkey managed to snatch an average of three pairs of spectacles every day. On one occasion, it whipped off a man's wig, tried it on, mangled it about, and thrust it back through the bars. The man stuffed it into his pocket and marched off.

Hall's biggest monkey is a female he calls Mrs. Flanagan. He once had to rescue a woman customer who had gone too close to her cage. Mrs. Flanagan had both her hands in the woman's hair and was tugging hard. "I managed to calm them both down," says Hall.

He has observed some odd facts about the keeping of pets. Far more men than women keep cage birds; it is more often little girls than boys who buy rats and mice for pets. There are fashions in dogs which affect the prices considerably. Pedigree poodle pups, which have been in vogue for some time, still cost twenty-five to thirty guineas each. Toy poodles, which are more difficult to breed, cost up to eighty guineas. Before poodles came into fashion, cocker spaniels were the rage; at the height of their popularity, Hall heard of one cocker changing hands at six hundred guineas.

Hall, who is Cornish born and thirty-two years old, has a genuine affection for animals, but dislikes whimsy towards them. "I can't stand people who come in and talk about gentlemen dogs and lady dogs," he says. He often works late into the evenings getting to know the animals, taming them, or looking after sick ones. He once carefully nursed a parrot for three months.

Weekly food supplies for the animals include three dozen eggs, seven gallons of fresh milk, several tins of condensed milk, twenty pounds of meat, and meal worms at £1 a pound. "Meal worms are cream buns to almost all animals," says Hall. "Birds like them so much that they get liver trouble from over-eating unless I ration them."

Hall stocks all kinds of pet requisites, from ordinary dog collars to hen spectacles designed to prevent birds from feather plucking. One woman recently spent £40 on gadgets for her dog. Hall quotes £275 as the current price for a mink coat for a dog, and has sometimes received more exotic orders.

One American woman ordered a solid gold collar for her dog but Hall advised her that the weight would probably give the animal a headache. A foreign princess recently spent more than £200 on an African grey parrot and then ordered a solid silver cage for it.

THE END

TEMPTATION—1

It is good to be without vice, but it is not good to be without temptations.

Walter Bagehot

Give your family a treat with

Captain Cunningham's favourite recipe for

GRILLED COD STEAKS *and Parsley Butter*

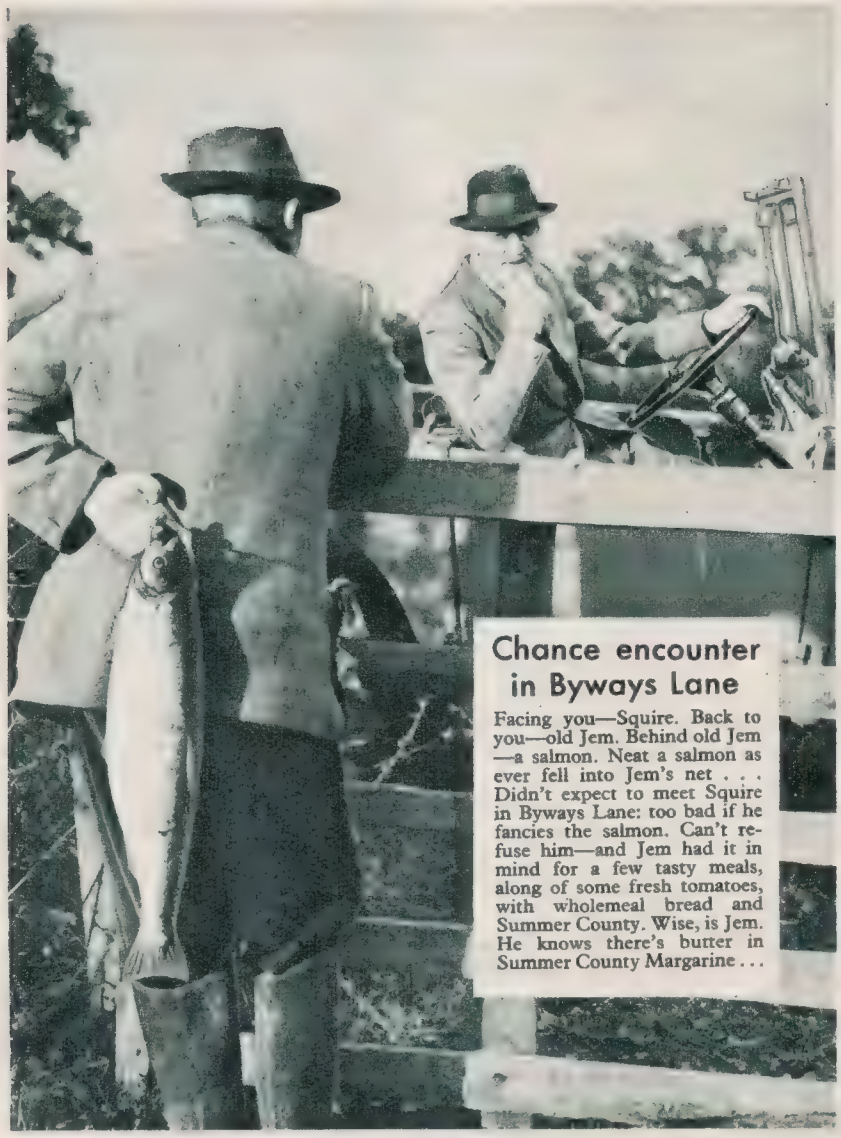
A simple recipe : Season slices of cod ; pass in flour ; dip in salad oil or melted margarine. Grill on both sides for six minutes. Remove; sprinkle with breadcrumbs; finish to a golden brown. (Just before they are cooked dab breadcrumbs with a little melted margarine). ***Parsley Butter (Maitre d'hotel):*** Mix margarine, chopped parsley, lemon juice, pepper and salt. Roll in grease-proof paper; cool until hard; and slice. Garnish with lemon; serve with fried potatoes and beans or peas.

Internationally famous restaurateur — Capt. Owen Cunningham has specialised in sea food for over twenty five years.

Give your Family a Treat...

BUY FISH TOMORROW!

There's something better to eat in Summer County



Chance encounter in Byways Lane

Facing you—Squire. Back to you—old Jem. Behind old Jem—a salmon. Neat a salmon as ever fell into Jem's net . . . Didn't expect to meet Squire in Byways Lane: too bad if he fancies the salmon. Can't refuse him—and Jem had it in mind for a few tasty meals, along of some fresh tomatoes, with wholemeal bread and Summer County. Wise, is Jem. He knows there's butter in Summer County Margarine . . .

Did *you* know there's butter in Summer County Margarine?

There is. Full-cream butter, that gives Summer County its specially-appetising flavour—*country-fresh*. That's what makes it such a welcome guest in country kitchens. Town ones, too. And Summer County's good for you. Use it, and you're storing up sunshine vitamins even if it's snowing outside . . .

Maybe Jem'll lose his salmon—but he'll still enjoy his supper, with Summer County Margarine on the table. So will you.

Summer County Margarine

Contains 10% full-cream butter

VAN DEN BERGHS & JURGENS LIMITED, LONDON, E.C.4. SCV 28-1936-G

"Anyone would think you hadn't seen an aircraft before"

The Long Walk

Continued from page 22

think we managed to convey our thanks to him.

When we left the little mountain hamlet we were loaded down with food, which included a complete side of roasted sheep. Up to now we had kept whatever eatables we had been given in one sack, which we carried in turns. We decided at this stage to share the meat and flat cakes equally between us, because of the danger of losing the lot if the precious single sack disappeared with its owner on one of the perilous climbs we were now encountering.

The Tibetan escorted us for about half a mile and indicated in the far distance the landmark of twin peaks which we understood we were to cross. He bowed us off on our journey, then returned the way he had come.

That night, around a small fire, we sat talking for hours trying to assess our position and how much farther we had to go. When the conversation flagged, the extraordinary stillness and silence of the brooding mountains engulfed us.

I had a feeling of great pity for myself and for all of us. I wrestled with a desperate fear that now, with thousands of heart-breaking miles behind us, the odds might be too much. Often at night I had these terrible bouts of despair and doubt. The others, too, I am sure, fought the same battles, but we never voiced our waverings. With the coming of morning the outlook was always more hopeful.

We were now, more strongly than ever, in the grip of the compulsive urge to keep moving. It had become an obsession, a form of mania. Like automatons we set out each morning, triggered off by a quiet "Let's go," from one or another of us. Nobody ever pleaded for half-an-hour's respite. We just went, walking the stiffness out of our joints and the chill of the dark hours from our bodies.

Of the art of mountaineering we learned much as the days crept by. I had done some climbing in Poland before the war, but it bore little resemblance to this grim Himalayan business. Here we would claw our way upwards for hours, sacks lashed on our backs, only to find our way blocked by a sheer, smooth outward-thrusting rock face. We would cling to our holds and rest our toes. Then we would turn about and go down and down until we found a place from which to attempt a different approach to the summit.

In these conditions the going was very slow. Our total equipment was one strong rawhide rope limited in use by its short length, the axe—by far the greatest single asset—the broad-bladed knife and the wire loops and spikes we had made back in the heat of the Gobi Desert.

We climbed as individuals but in set order. Zaro, the lightest man, led the way upwards, testing the holds with the axe, breaking through the ice-crust on the snow, blazing a trail for the rest of us. Zaro would have made a skilled and intrepid climber in any company.

A clumsy device we thought up for getting us past bulging overhangs of rock was a weighty piece of smooth, hard, black stone, waisted in the middle like a figure "8," to which we tied our rope. This we would throw up and over, again and again and again, until eventually, unseen somewhere above, it would jam itself and take hold. Kolemenos would haul gently at first on the rope until it took his full weight. Then Zaro heroically would start to climb while we watched with our hearts in our throats, knowing that the penalty for a slip was death. When I saw on one or two occasions by what flimsy chance the stone had taken hold my stomach turned over.

Occasional bright days brought the additional trial of sun-glare off the white snow. We were harrowed, too, by a new experience of intense physical discomfort: the manner in which the cold struck at our foreheads until they seemed to be held in a band of ice.

We kept our hands covered as much as possible, but when climbing demanded the use of the fingers our mittens hung from our wrists by thongs. With sheepskin masks over our faces and tied at the back of the head, and the air-flaps of our Russian-style caps in position, we found it difficult to hear one another. Irritation piled on irritation. We were deadly tired, morose, always hungry. My nerves were strung up like piano strings.

About the beginning of March the five of us walked out of a snow-flurry

TEMPTATION—2

So you tell yourself you are pretty fine clay
To have tricked temptation and turned it away,
But wait, my friend, for a different day;
Wait till you want to want to!

Edmund Vance Cooke

SPANGLES the modern way to buy sweets 3d

CLEAN HANDS WITHOUT WATER!

Yes, in an emergency you can remove grease, grime, paint stains from your hands with Gre-Sol alone. Gre-Sol is also antiseptic.
Where was his Gre-Sol? Mother had it. It has scores of household uses—cleaning cookers, carpets, clothes, etc. Buy a tin today from your nearest Store, Garage, Ironmonger or Chemist.

1'9 PER ½-PINT TIN

If you prefer an abrasive cleanser use GRE-SOLVENT PASTE (also antiseptic)

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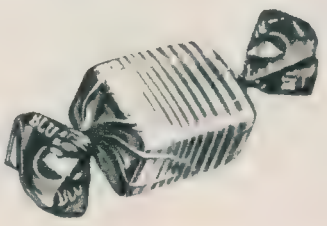

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along a sweeping downward east-to-west traverse into the sudden sunshine of a deep, white-clothed valley. It was mid-morning and the sun invited us to take off our masks and caps. We sat and rested, wrapped in silence. We had been foodless for a couple of days and our spirits were low. We sat hunched up without talking. Then I heard a sound and strained my ears to hear it again and identify it.

"I heard a dog bark," said Paluchowicz.

"I heard something, too," I put in.

Paluchowicz pointed excitedly. "It came from that direction. Let's go and investigate."

We walked along for about a quarter of a mile with our ears pricked. The sound of the dog barking was so loud and so close when it came again that we stopped in our tracks. We looked around and could see nothing. We were expecting to see a house or a shack but there was no building of any sort in sight. The dog must have scented us, because it set up a prolonged yapping until we tracked down the source as the mouth of a cave, black against the surrounding whiteness. It was only about a hundred yards away, and as we went towards it we saw a man come out into the light and look in our direction. He spoke to the dog, now joined by another one, and it stopped its noise.

HE was an elderly man, with wispy white hair around his chin and a seamed and wrinkled, weather-beaten brown face. His smile showed gaps where age had robbed him of some of his front teeth. He was well clothed against the cold with the usual Tibetan sheepskin surcoat over padded jacket and trousers. He wore a fine pair of boots of leather, the upper part around the lower calf fretted with an openwork pattern which showed an inner lining of green felt.

I don't know which party was the more delighted at the meeting. The old man wagged his head and bowed and talked and flashed his great gap-toothed smile. We bowed and laughed and were happy enough to have danced in a ring about him.

Outside the cave was a low wall about four feet high, made of loosely heaped stones, which acted as a windbreak. He led us round the wall and into half-gloom. Immediately our noses were assailed by the strong, clinging, fuggy odour of sheep.

The comparatively small size of the opening left me unprepared for the lofty spaciousness of the interior. The cave bent round so that its floor plan was like a boomerang. The man and his dogs lived in the space of about fifteen feet from the opening to a point where the cave was partitioned off with a rubble wall. Behind, into the farthest recesses, were sheep, about a hundred of them, I judged. These then were the winter quarters of a shepherd awaiting the coming of spring.

A fire burned in the middle of the floor and nearby was a heap of brushwood and dung fuel. One large and one small iron cauldron stood against the stones of the fireplace. The large one, I discovered, was used for melting snow to provide water for the sheep. The other was the shepherd's cooking pot, in which he straightaway started brewing tea. For the only time in Mongolia or Tibet I saw tea made with loose dried leaf. This must have been a welcoming special treat, because subsequent brews were made with the usual black brick tea.

From his waist the old man took out a clasp knife and began with slow deliberation to sharpen the blade on a flat stone. The dogs got up and danced around him as he worked. They knew that there would soon be fresh meat. He tried the edge of the steel on the ball of his thumb, grinned at us, and went off among the sheep, the dogs frisking at his heels. He went outside the cave with a kicking, bleating young sheep under his arm and in a remarkably short time was back with the fresh-skinned carcass.

The dogs were fed at the cave entrance with the head and titbits of offal and then he cut off joints for roasting. While the meat hung spluttering and sizzling on a wooden spit over the fire, the old man amused us by putting his fine boots under the roast and allowing the fat to trickle over them, afterwards rubbing it into the leather, presumably to soften and preserve it.

With coarse flour and a little water from the bottom of the big cauldron he kneaded up cakes and baked them on a flat stone over the side of the fire. We ate like starving men and there was no difficulty about the performance of belching our appreciation at the end of the meal.

The presence of the sheep rather more than the smouldering fire made the cave very warm that night and I slept exhaustedly. A couple of times during the night the appalling stink of long-confined animals woke me and I wondered where I was.

Our Tibetan caveman was astir long before us in the morning, preparing a thick gruel over the built-up fire. His parting gift was the last quarter of the young sheep he had killed the day before.

Once outside the cave he was obviously asking us where we were going. We looked at the sun and pointed south. He took Zaro's outstretched arm and nudged it round until it pointed a few degrees west of south. And that was the way we went.

Towards the end of March, 1942, we were convinced that at last we were very near the sanctuary of India. Barring our way ahead reared the tallest and most forbidding peaks we had yet seen. We told one another that one final effort must bring us to the country where we were sure ultimate freedom, civilization, rest and ease of mind awaited us. Individually we needed all the assurances and encouragement that we could get.

We sat around a fire made of the last of our hoarded scraps of fuel and ate the last crumbs of our rations. We got out the rawhide rope, the axe, the knife, the wire loops, the slim spikes, examined them and tested them. We gave ourselves a couple of hours before dark for repairing footwear. When we had finished we were as well prepared for the last assault as we could be. The fire burned down and became ashes before midnight and we spent a pacing restless night until the first glimmer of dawn.

Zaro wound the rope about his shoulders, took the axe from Kolemenos and started off. I was relieved to be on the move.

We were blessed with fair weather. The wind was cold, but the sun shone strongly enough to attack the top layer of snow so that it melted sufficiently to re-form in the freezing night temperature into a skin of crisp, treacherous ice. We climbed more surely, more cautiously, than ever, Zaro double-testing every hold as he led the way upwards, chipping away with the axe, steam issuing in little clouds from his nose and mouth beneath the mask.

At the beginning of the third day we were over the top, only to find ourselves confronted with another peak. It was the stuff of which nightmares are made. Always it seemed there was another mountain to block our way. Two days were spent scrambling down the south face from our exposed high perch and I found it more wearing on the nerves than the ascent. Down in the valley we made ourselves a snow shelter away from the whip of the wind and managed to get ourselves an uncomfortable few hours' sleep in preparation for the next ordeal.

This next mountain was the worst in all our experience. From valley to valley its crossing took six days and taxed our endurance to such a degree that for the first time we talked openly

TEMPTATION—3

There are times when it would seem as if God fished with a line and the Devil with a net.

Mme D. Swetchine

Spot the Lawbreaker

Somewhere in this scene, the law is being broken. Can you see where? A barrister gives the answer on page 36

DRAWN BY RONALD LAMPITT

of the prospect that we might all perish. I am certain that one blizzard would have wiped us out.

Two days up, with the top hidden by swirling white clouds, I dug my knife into a crevice to give myself extra purchase in hauling myself up from a narrow ledge. With my body pressed close against the rock, I loosened each hand and foot in turn so that I could flex my cramped fingers and wriggle my stiff toes. Then I reached for the knife handle above me and began to haul on it with my right arm. Suddenly the knife sprang like a live thing, leaped from my hand and flew over my head with the steel singing. I took fresh hold and, digging in with fingers and toes, dragged myself to safety. The knife was gone. There was no sign of it. I felt as though I had lost a personal friend.

Near the summit on the third day the climbing became easier, but we began to doubt seriously whether we could make it. The cold was terrible, eddying mist dropped down about us and lifted, dropped and lifted again. The effects of high altitude were draining from us what slight reserves of stamina we still had. Every step was a fight against leaden lassitude, making one want to sit down and cry with weakness and frustration. I could not get enough air into my bursting lungs and my heart thumped audibly, hammering against my chest. Will-power became a flaccid thing. Any one of us, alone, could have given up thankfully, lain down happily, closed his eyes and drifted into death. But somebody was always crawling slowly on, so we all kept moving.

We knew that we should have to spend the night in this rarefied atmosphere and the knowledge did our spirits no good.

"We must keep going while there's light," Zaro said. "We must try to get over the top before dark."

So we went on and on, painfully, like flies struggling through a pool of treacle. We made long traverses to right and left to avoid the impossible extra exertion of a frontal assault. I do not remember going over the summit. I remember only the point at which I noticed with vague surprise that Zaro, leading, was slightly below me. We climbed again a little and then we knew with certainty the descent had begun.

That night was the crisis of the whole enterprise. On a broad flat ledge where the snow had drifted and piled, we axed through the hard crust of the surface and dug laboriously through a few feet of snow to make ourselves a barely adequate refuge against the rigours of the night. We had no fire. We were so bone-weary that we could have slept standing up, but we knew that it would be courting death even to attempt to doze.

It was the longest night of my life. We huddled there standing, with our arms about one another. Sleep lay on our lids like a solid weight, and I found myself holding my eyes open with fingertips pressed against the eyeballs under my mask. Three times Kolemenos, the arch-sleeper, let his chin sag on his chest and began to snore, and each time we punched and shook him back to consciousness. Each man was his brother's keeper, watching for drooping eyelids and the nodding head.

At intervals we would stamp slowly round in a close ring. Even during this grotesque dance I began to swim down into beautiful, velvet sleep, but the American dragged me back by gently cuffing me, pulling my beard and shaking me.

At last there came that awful pre-dawn period when fatigue and cold together combined to set me shivering in an uncontrollable ague from head to foot.

"Let's get going," said someone. "Let's get down to some place where we can breathe again."

Paluchowicz spoke. "I could not last another night like that." He was voicing the thought of us all.

It was barely light, but we started on our way. Even now I could not convince myself that we would make it. Once, around noon, we were marooned for fully an hour when the track of our descent ended abruptly on a foot-wide shelf over a breath-taking drop. We inched our way back, climbed upwards in our old tracks and tried again in another direction.

In about ten hours of gruelling toil we must have come down about five thousand feet before nightfall. Breathing became easier, morale improved, hopes rose again. We dragged on through another miserable wakeful night and continued the descent the next day until we were able to see the valley below quite clearly.

In the late afternoon Zaro said to me, "Do you notice anything peculiar about this valley?"

I looked around. "No," I answered. "Why?"

Zaro pointed to a long ridge thrown out from the main body of the mountain away to the west. "It is a similar formation to the ridge in which we found the shepherd's cave."

I laughed. "You don't think we

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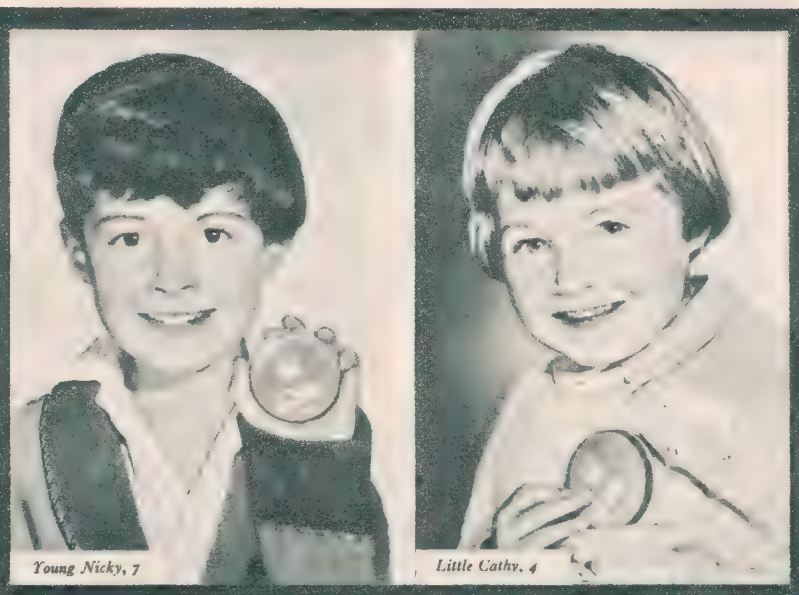

Young Nicky, 7

Little Cathy, 4

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shall meet another shepherd and his flock?"

"No," said Zaro. "But we might find a cave in which we can get a night's sleep."

We called the others over and suggested swinging away down the ridge to look for a cave. They agreed readily.

The extraordinary feature of this venture was not that, after a couple of hours' search, we found a cave. But the cave was indeed a herdsman's winter retreat. Unlike the other, it was untenanted, but there was a stack of brushwood near the entrance and a cache of untreated fleeces against the wall. If we had needed a sign that providence was still on our side, this was it.

Hanging from a peg in the roof was something parcelled in soft lambskin. Someone lifted it down and unwrapped it. Inside was a leg of goatsmeat, partly smoked and nearly black. We were too hungry to be fastidious. We decided to get the fire going and cook it.

What a fire that was! We stoked it up until the dancing flames lit up the far corners of the cave. Watching the meat cooking, we thawed out for the first time for weeks. Without the knife we had to do some crude carving with

TEMPTATION—4

Some temptations come to the industrious, but all temptations come to the idle.

C. H. Spurgeon

the axe, leaving half the joint to be eaten in the morning and tearing up the rest in strips.

In this cave, for the only time since we left Siberia, we helped ourselves to another man's belongings. We broke out fleeces from the cache and made ourselves a sleeveless surcoat each. For this I hope we may be forgiven, but our need was great for something which would keep away the mountain cold from our hard-used bodies. We slept the night through in a great communal bed of warm, smelly sheepskins, and when we awoke the day was already a couple of hours old and the fire had long since died out. Hurriedly we replaced the skins which had made the bed, ate the rest of the goatsmeat cold, and left.

It was profitless to speculate any further on how near we might be to our journey's end. Not even now were we out of the mountains. The lesser peak that we set ourselves to surmount two days after the cave episode was, had we known it, the last outpost of the Himalayas, beyond which the foothills led down into northern India. I do not remember any details of this climb, but I know that we pulled ourselves up the northern face for two days without attaining the height that induced altitude sickness.

When we started down the other side the sun was shining and the air was startlingly clear. Far off to the west I could see snow-covered giants which made a modest hill of the eminence on which I stood. Southward the country fell away dramatically. I knew that I was looking at India.

Everything went well and we made good time. Our spirits were up in spite of our empty bellies. We found an almost ideal cavity in which to spend the night, were greeted by a clear, fine April morning breaking through a thin, quickly dissipated mist.

Two hours later it happened. Zaro and I had the rope's end belayed around our two stout sticks at the crest of a slope. The slope was short and hardly steep enough to warrant the use of the rope, which lay loosely thrown out as a safety line in case Paluchowicz, crawling down backwards on all fours, should slip into an unseen crevice. Behind him were Smith and Kolemenos. All three were astride the limp rope without holding it.

I saw Paluchowicz reach the end of the slope. I turned to Zaro and in that instant saw the rope jerk about the sticks and become slack again. Simultaneously there was a brief, sharp cry, such as a man will make when he is suddenly surprised. Zaro and I swung round together. It was a second or two before the awful truth struck me. Smith was there. Kolemenos was there. But Paluchowicz had vanished. Like fools we stood there calling out his name. No one answered. The other two, with their backs to Paluchowicz, did not know what had happened. They had stopped at our first shout and were looking up at us.

"Come back," I called to them. "Something has happened to Anton."

They clambered back. I hauled in the rope and tied the loose end about my wrist. "I am going down to see if I can find him," I said.

I reached the point where, from above, the slope appeared to fall gently away. Zaro took in the slack of the rope and I turned around as I had seen Paluchowicz do. The sight made me catch my breath. The mountain yawned open as though it had been split clean open with a giant axe blow. I was looking across a twenty-yard gap, the narrowest part of the chasm which dropped sickeningly below me. I could not see the bottom. I felt the sweat beading out on my forehead. Futilely I yelled, "Anton, Anton!" I turned and went back, so shaken that I held tightly to the rope all the way.

They all talked at once. Had I seen him? Why was I shouting? Where was he? I told them what it was like down there, that there was no sign of Paluchowicz.

"We will have to find him," said Kolemenos.

"We will never find him," I told them. "He is gone."

Nobody wanted to believe it. I did not want to believe it myself. With difficulty we broke a way round to a new point from which we could look down into the abyss. Then they understood. Smith heaved a stone down and we listened for it to strike. We heard nothing.

We hung around there a long time, not knowing what to do. The disaster was so sudden, so complete. Paluchowicz was with us and then he was gone, plucked away from us. I never thought he would have to die. He seemed indestructible. Tough, toothless, devout old Sergeant Paluchowicz.

"All this way!" said the American. "All this way, to die so stupidly at the last!" I think he felt it more than any of us. As the two older men, they had been close together.

Kolemenos took his sack from his back and very deliberately tore it down the seams. We all stood silent. He put a stone in the corner and threw it out into space. The stone fell out and the sack floated away, a symbolic shroud for Paluchowicz. He took his stick and with the blunted axe chopped an end off and made a cross and stuck it there, on the edge.

We climbed on down, trying to keep in sight the spot from which Paluchowicz had disappeared, vaguely hoping that we might find his body. But

Spot the Lawbreaker

See page 35

PEOPLE are prevented from walking, as is their right, on the part of the pavement covered by newspapers and magazines. So the newsvendor has committed an offence, says a barrister-at-law. This sort of obstruction goes on almost everywhere, but there was a prosecution in 1937, and the police won their case.

we never found the bottom of the cleft and we never found Paluchowicz.

There were some quite warm days after this and we could look back and see the majesty of the mountains we had crossed. We were in terrible need of food, and now that the supreme effort was over we could barely keep ourselves moving. We had been about eight days without food when we saw far off to the east on a sunny morning a flock of sheep in charge of men and dogs. They were too far off to be of any help to us and were moving away from us, but our hopes rose at the sight of them. Soon we must be picked up. We pulled some green stuff growing at the edge of a stream and tried to eat it, but it was very bitter and our stomachs would not take it.

Exhausted, walking skeletons of men that we were, we knew now for the first time peace of mind. It was now that we lost, at last, the fear of re-capture.

THEY came from the west, a little knot of marching men, and as they came closer I saw that there were six turbaned Indian soldiers and a British corporal. I wanted to wave my hands and shout, but I just stood there with the other three watching them come. They were very smart, very clean, very fit, very military. My eyes began to fill and the tears brimmed over.

The corporal halted his men and came over. Smith stepped forward and stuck out his hand.

"Hallo, Tommy!" he said.

It was hard to comprehend that this was the end of it all. I leaned my weight forward on my stick and tried to blink my eyes clear. I felt weak and lightheaded like a man in a fever, and it required real effort to prevent myself slumping down on the ground. Zaro, too, was hunched over his stick, and one of Kolemenos's great arms was drooped lightly about his shoulders.

I heard Mister Smith talk in English, which I did not understand, but there was no mistaking the urgency in the tone. It went on for several minutes. I flexed my knees to stop them trembling.

Then the American came over to us, his face smiling. "Gentlemen," he said, "we are safe."

And because we remained unmoving and silent, he said again in Russian, very slowly, "Gentlemen, we are safe."

Zaro shouted and the shout startled me. He threw down his stick and yelled, his arms above his head and fingers extended. He threw his arms about the American, and Smith had to hold him tight to prevent him running over to the patrol and kissing each man individually.

"Come away, Eugene," he shouted. "Come away from them. I have told them we are filthy with lice."

Zaro started to laugh and jig inside the restraining arms. Then he had the American going round with him in a crazy, hopping polka, and they were both laughing and crying at the same time.

I do not remember starting to dance, but there we all were, the four of us, stamping round, kicking up the dust, hugging each other, laughing hysterically through the blur of tears, until we collapsed one by one on the ground.

Kolemenos lay sprawled out repeating softly to himself the American's words. "We are safe . . . we are safe. . . ."

When we were ready to go we marched behind the corporal until we came to a road, where a lorry waited to take us to his unit. There the British took us over completely. We were scrubbed and deloused, given new clothes, plied with meals with lots of fresh fruit, and dosed with medicines and pills. The novelty, bustle and the excitement of it all kept me going. It wasn't until several days later when we reached a hospital in Calcutta that I discovered how near to collapse I was.

On the first morning there I dropped off to sleep and into a bottomless pit that stole all mind and recollection from me.

When I recovered, a British officer and a Polish interpreter came to see me. There was a long catechism about Poland to test my bona fides. Then the story of the prison camp and the journey all over again. Finally, it was arranged that as soon as I was fit enough I should join the Polish forces fighting alongside the Allies in the Middle East.

The night before I left, Kolemenos, Zaro and I had a farewell celebration in the hospital canteen. Next day Mister Smith, who was lodged elsewhere, came to the hospital to see me off, bringing me a small fibre case in which to pack my few belongings. I had resolved to make the parting from Zaro and Kolemenos as painless as possible. We said goodbye in the ward and the soldiers called out "Good luck!" and "All the best, Slav!" and things like that.

I walked towards the door, Smith ahead of me. Zaro and Kolemenos followed behind. I wanted them to stay where they were, but they kept on walking. I turned at the door and big Kolemenos ran forward and hugged me and then came Zaro. And the tears came so that I had to drag myself away.

Mister Smith rode on the bus with me into Calcutta, where they dropped him off. "Look after yourself, Slav," he said. "And God bless you." The bus pulled away towards the transit camp where I was to await a troop-ship for the Middle East. I looked back at him once and he waved goodbye.

For a moment I felt bereft of friends, bereft of everything, as desolate and lonely as a man could be. Then I recalled something that the American had said to me shortly after meeting the patrol. "Slav," he said, and his hand had rested on my shoulder, "we shall be able to live again."

I thought of that now and it seemed a wonderful and comforting thing. All that misery and sorrow, the hardship of a whole year afoot . . . so that we might live again.

THE END

"The Long Walk" by Slavomir Rawicz will be published as a book by Constable on April 9, price 15s.

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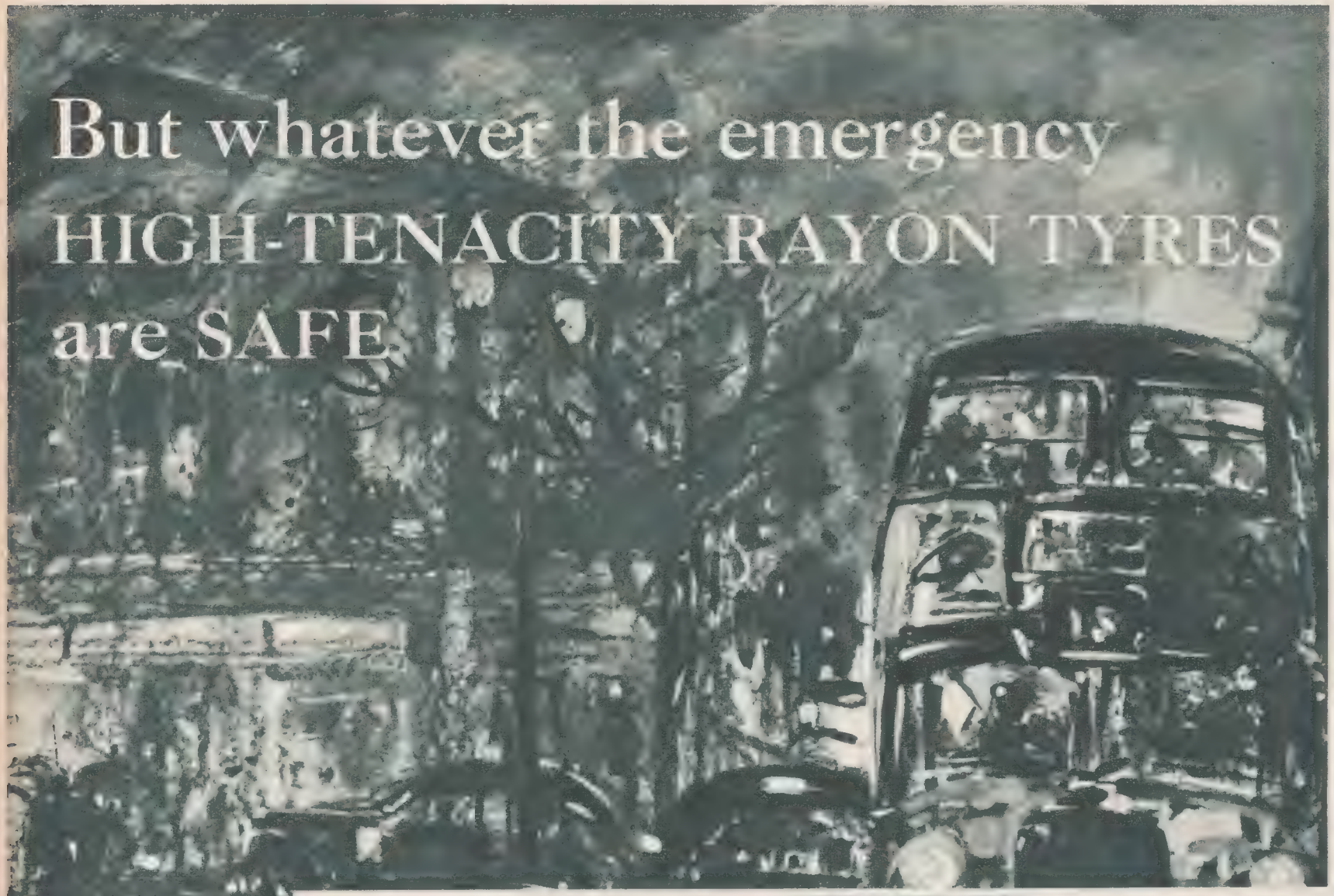

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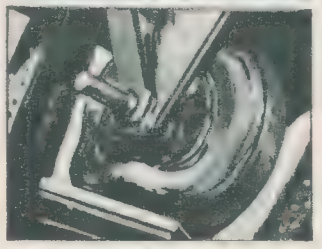

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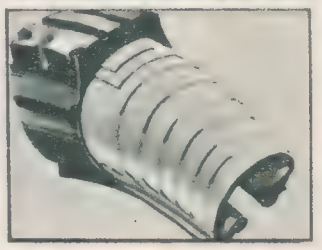

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FROM MACDONALDS OF GLASGOW
WHO BAKE THE BEST BISCUITS

Dobson And Young Set Magic To Music

Continued from page 23

expenses themselves. They lecture without fee to youth clubs, nurses and patients in hospitals, and the blind. Overcome with gratitude following a free lecture to nurses, the head resident surgeon at a London hospital sought a way to repay them. Eagerly, he asked: "Would you like to watch an operation?" They assured him that they would like nothing less.

Dobson and Young have always preferred a captive audience, believing that in this way they can put over their ideas to groups they would otherwise never reach. They raised no objection to the attitude of a sergeant they heard say to a laggard soldier at the entrance to their lecture room, "Come on Toscanini; fall in for your music lesson." Experience has taught them that, even after such an unpromising start, ninety per cent of those forced to "fall in" for the first lecture come voluntarily to the second.

They travel with their equipment in an estate car, and Young tries to meet emergencies in advance by having duplicates of everything. Even so, there are times when difficulties arise. Once, in a small country town that had no electricity, they powered the gramophone with batteries which gradually ran down. The records turned slower and slower until one, of Paul Robeson singing, sent out double-bass tones that dissolved the lecture in laughter. Young had to scour the town for more batteries.

Extraneous noises can kill a lecture, but Dobson's experience enables him to joke his way through most unforeseen interruptions. In a school hall in Essex, the thread of his talk was broken by loud chimes when a clock on the wall indicated seven fifteen. At seven thirty and seven forty-five, he and Young were ready, and they worked the chimes into the lecture. As the hands moved towards eight o'clock, Dobson decided that he could do nothing to incorporate four quarter chimes and a strike of eight. He sat down to wait. The clock ticked on. It was not made to chime on the hour.

Wartime, in which Dobson and Young claim to have been the first civilians to enter liberated Europe, brought many problems. Once, in the middle of a lecture to hundreds of airmen, the practice gas alarm sounded. The whole audience put on their gas-masks. Dobson turned, bewildered, to an officer beside him. From inside his gas mask, the officer shouted, "You needn't put yours on. Carry on."

They landed in Europe, wearing civilian clothes, with a boatload of troops. The troops marched away, leaving them, with their equipment, alone on the beach. They carried a card on which was written: "In the event of capture by the enemy, Mr. Dobson and Mr. Young must be treated as officers of the British Army." They felt no less anxiety for carrying it. "We always thought," says Dobson, "that if we were captured wearing civilian clothes the Germans would shoot us first and read the card afterwards."

Dobson, a Rover Scout leader who had produced *Gang Shows*, was one of Britain's leading organists when the war began. Professor Ross Waller, head of extra-mural studies at Manchester University, decided to make use of this varied experience when he had the task of providing adult education for Service men.

Unnerved at the prospect of talking to men who didn't want to listen, Dobson turned for moral and material support to Young, whom he already knew as a man who could solve most mechanical problems. In the first week, Young devised a method of instantly dropping the needle on any desired spot on a gramophone record. He uses the same method today.

No lecture is cut and dried. Dobson and Young prefer to let the mood of the audience mould the shape of the talk. Dobson makes his points in the order that he feels will be most effective, and Young, in a way that he finds hard to explain, usually has the right record out at the right time.

Young generally has more than seventy records on hand, of which he knows he will play about twenty. "I never know, in advance, exactly which twenty."

Once when a loudspeaker broke into a lecture with a call for an officer's driver, Young flashed out a Spike Jones recording of "Chloe," dropped the needle on the exact spot he wanted, and the moment the announcement ended, his loudspeaker roared the classic line from the record: "Where are you, you old bat?"

Dealing with unwilling listeners has made them experts at crushing hecklers. "It's better to let the heckler get his laugh first, and then get yours," says Dobson, who usually ignores the original interruption, then later, when everybody has forgotten it, gives his answer slowly and in detail. On one occasion, Dobson was preparing to give the second lecture of a series when he found that he could not recognize any of the faces in his army audience. He asked for anybody who had attended the previous lecture to raise a hand. No hands were raised.

"Sorry I had to ask," Dobson told them. "But I had to decide which lecture to give."

"Give us the shortest," a soldier shouted.

As if he had not heard, Dobson began his lecture. "I pulled out all the stops, and had them hanging on every word. Suddenly I stopped and said, 'Well, that's all. You asked for the shortest.' That interrupter was finished."

AN American once told Dobson and Young that they could make a fortune on a tour of the United States. "You have," he added, "sophistication and polish." He meant this as a compliment, but similar phrases have been thrown at them as criticism by people who say that their technique has become too slick and blasé. Young is unperturbed, but the accusation hurts Dobson.

"Years of lecturing have given me a smooth manner," he says. "But I am scared stiff every time. I never go to a lecture without hoping it will be cancelled, and I never start talking without hoping that the firebell will ring in the first ten minutes. If I gave five lectures that were failures, I should give up. I should have given up years ago but for Young, who is made of harder stuff. My interests—mountains, music, astronomy, and fencing for exercise—are quiet and remote. I should be a schoolteacher."

Dobson and Young do most of their lecturing from the end of September to April. They accept only occasional engagements in the summer, during which they take long holidays, each going his own way with no desire for the other's company. Young, a bachelor, goes fly-fishing; Dobson climbs mountains or takes his wife to the Continent.

"Nobody enjoys leisure more than we do," they say. "We believe in what we preach." THE END

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* LEVER PRODUCT

Running With Christopher

Continued from page 27

Christopher's hand again and walked in that direction.

He was lucky: after a while he saw a sign which read "Station." He followed the arrow and then, mercy be! rounding a corner he saw, just ahead, the circular sign of the Underground railway that runs from central London to the outskirts. He hurried Christopher into the booking hall and took two tickets to Piccadilly.

Before he took the child on to the platform he bought a copy of the newspaper he had seen in the café. A train was there, doors about to close. Ben sank gratefully into a seat in an almost empty carriage, grinned at Christopher beside him, and opened his newspaper.

There was the story all right, front page. The police wanted to interview the child's father who, they believed, could help in their inquiries.

Ben folded the newspaper. He must get into touch with Frank. Frank would see everything was all right. Hell, he was paying him enough!

AT Piccadilly he took Christopher by the hand and got him out and on to the escalator. Up in the street he grabbed a taxi.

He had been fearing the arrival at the hotel. They must surely have seen the newspapers. But, if they had, they showed no signs of it. He gave the fake name in which Frank had reserved the rooms, and the thing went suavely.

"Ah, yes, sir. Suite 157. Page, take this gentleman to Suite 157, and the baggage. . . ."

"It was sent round separately," said Ben. "Should be already up in the room."

The receptionist consulted his papers. "Ah, quite correct, sir. You'll find the baggage there."

Once they were in the rooms and the page, well tipped, had gone, Ben felt a gushing of relief. They were safe now in the power of money.

He looked out of the window at the expensive view of the Thames. He had picked this hotel partly for sentiment—it was the one at which he and Sarah had spent their honeymoon—but mostly for its lushness. People staying at this costly place got respect and service; nobody pushed them around.

He telephone his lawyer.

"Well, Frank, we made it."

"You're at the hotel? Good. Don't move. I'll be with you in half an hour."

While he was waiting, Ben took the child into the bathroom, cleaned him up and dressed him in one of the playsuits that Frank had thought to put in the baggage. Then he phoned down for some food. Not long after, Frank arrived.

"Now listen," said Frank, "it's pretty well in the bag. The police are cooling off now that they know there's been no criminal kidnapping. They try to keep out of these civil disputes. You won't get much trouble from them."

"The newspapers seem to be hitting it up."

"Oh, the newspapers. Forget them. You're fairly safe. If you hadn't bungled the journey here, you'd have been safely away by now."

"It wasn't all that easy."

"Well, never mind, now that you're here. But listen. Don't move out of this hotel today—it'd be better if you stayed in these rooms.

"You must get off early. To be on the safe side, I've changed the travel arrangements. There'll be a car and chauffeur here at 7 a.m. and he'll drive you to Harwich. From there you go to Holland, then by air to Paris.

"Here are your tickets. You've got your money? Good! If anyone tries to stop you at Harwich, insist on getting on the boat. If there's trouble, challenge them to arrest you and wave your American passport at them. Not that I think you'll have any trouble at all."

"Then we've made it, eh? Gee, Frank I'm grateful."

"Don't mention it. You hired me," he said. And then, looking down at

"They look so sweet lying there, you wonder how they could ever yell at you"

Christopher playing on the floor, "How's it working out?"

"Oh, fine, fine!" said Ben stoutly.

When the lawyer had gone, Ben played floor games with the boy; managing to keep him amused until it was time to put him to bed. Every time the dumps came on he bribed with promises of the morrow—tomorrow they took a boat trip, and then went for that ride in the airplane. It seemed to quieten him.

But when Christopher was in bed, and the sitting-room was empty, the excitement and the triumph died out of Ben. He phoned down for a bottle of Scotch and sat drinking it in an armchair drawn up to the window, staring out at the view.

He would always be able to provide that sort of expensive view for Christopher—Paris, New York, Los Angeles, any place. A pony, a sail-boat, the best school, the most distinguished college.

He pictured him growing into a young man with the luxury of the world before him; and Ben himself, greying, building wealth, making a

TEMPTATION—5

Find out what your temptations are, and you will find out largely what you are yourself.

H. W. Beecher

place for his boy to take over, content in the knowledge of his companionship.

Could anyone argue that he was not doing right by his son? Would not Christopher, looking back in years to come, approve what he was doing now?

Would he? The question suddenly became of first importance to Ben. But there was no certain answer. Or was there really an answer to which he was deliberately closing his mind? He stirred in his chair and cursed himself for being soft. He sat brooding, and twilight came in at the window.

What broke his thoughts was the soft tinkle of the telephone.

The receptionist's voice said: "There's a lady asking for you, sir. I think it's you she wants. She said a gentleman and a little boy, but was unsure of the name."

Ben hesitated, his hands going cold. Then he said, "Send her up."

When she came in, he asked: "How did you know to come here?"

"Where else would you go? You're such a sentimentalist."

Sarah sat back in an armchair and put on the floor beside her a brown paper parcel she was carrying. Ben saw how tired and grey she looked, but checked compassion with the thought: watch out, watch out for tricks.

"Want a drink?" he asked.

She nodded. He got them both whiskies and stood staring at her. "Where's the policeman?" he asked. "Down in the lobby?"

"There's no policeman."

"Because get this straight," said Ben, "the policeman won't help you. I've had this planned a long time. You can go to your courts again tomorrow if you want, but we'll be out of the jurisdiction. Any more fighting takes place in the courts of New York. There's nothing you can do about it."

"No policeman," she said, "and no more courts. We've had enough of that. It's time we worked it out between ourselves, like adults. We made Christopher and he's our responsibility, both of us. All that matters to me is what is best for him."

"That's the way I look at it too," he replied grimly. "He's my son, and it happens that I can give him everything he wants. And I'm going to. He'll be brought up rich, and when he gets old enough he'll take over my business. Which is no bag of nuts, let me tell you. Do stop fiddling that parcel with your foot," he irritably added, "and what the hell is it, anyway?"

"It's a toy. He loves it very much. He can't get to sleep without it in the bed with him. It's a wool dog, and it shares his life. Wherever he goes," she added uncertainly, "he has to have this. So I brought it for him to have it."

Watch out for tricks, thought Ben angrily. Here it was, the sentimental trick.

"You could have saved yourself the trouble," he said. "He told me about the wool dog and I bought him another one. He's got it in bed with him now."

"Did you? I'm glad, because that was kind. But he had better have this too. The new one might not be the same to him."

"He likes the new one fine," declared Ben defiantly, "just the same as he is going to like the new life fine."

"Ben, you can't do it," she broke out urgently.

"Can't I? I am doing it. And why not, then?"

"Because of Christopher himself. You and I have done him enough harm already. It's bad enough for a child to have separated parents. But to be pulled back and forth between them, and to be quarrelled over . . . Ben, we can't do it. A child who suffers that grows up with a warped mind."

"You were not worrying about this when we separated and you went to the courts."

"I was so unhappy, and I wanted to hurt. There won't be any more of that. All that matters to me now is Christopher. If you take him to America, I won't fight again. But Ben, before you do, think what you are doing. A child needs a mother. I may not be much of a mother, but. . . ."

"You seem to have been all right as a mother," he said, turning away. "But he's my son too."

"I'm pleading with you," she urged, "for his sake, to leave him with me. If you will, perhaps we could be a bit more civilized than we have been, and less cruel."

"How?"

"When he was missing yesterday," she said, "I had a few hours of pretty good hell. I thought he had been taken by one of those crazy maniacs who prey on children."

Ben stared into his empty glass. "I'm sorry. I'd have liked to spare you that. But there was no way."

"When they found the car abandoned at the garage and your bag in it, I was terribly angry at first. And then I began to understand how much he must mean to you, and how I must have made you suffer."

Ben was silent.

"If you'll leave him with me," she pleaded, "just for a few more years, can't we do something to share him? Every time you could get to England, say once a year, I'd be glad for you to come and see him.

"And later on, when he's a bit bigger, he could go across to New York now and then to stay with you. When he grows up you can have him and put him into your business or whatever you want, and I'll drop out of the picture. But Ben, while he is still a little boy, he needs me."

TRICKS, Ben warned himself, tricks! If he agreed to all that, and left the boy with her now, she could laugh at him tomorrow and shelter behind her court order. He'd be the mug.

He raised his eyes and stared at her. She looked weary; at one time he would have gently put her hair back with his hand and told her to take it easy, it wasn't as bad as all that.

The memories that these two days had roused came back to him—the oaken bar at the inn, the evening sunlight on the flat English fields, the quiet village churches pointing up from the trees, the American bombers from the airfield. And all of them mixed up with memories of Sarah. He knew that she would not go back on her word, and was angry that he knew.

Sarah waited and, when the silence did not break, rose from the chair, picked up the brown paper parcel, then checked and put it on the chair.

"No! Give it to Christopher," she said, and added, "with my love." She turned towards the door.

So that was that, said Ben to himself, trying to triumph. He had won, she had lost. The boy was his. He had only to strengthen himself for a few more moments against sentiment, and the boy was his. At the same instant he knew, of course, that he had lost. Inside himself he was shouting, *Let her go, let her go.*

Out loud he said bitterly: "Sit down."

Sarah turned, puzzled.

"You win," he said, "You know damn well you win."

She took a hesitant step towards him, but he turned to reach for his coat. "I'll stop off at the desk on my way down to fix the check," he said, "and tell them where to send my grip. There's a car coming tomorrow morning. I'll phone Frank to say it's to take you both back home."

"I meant that, Ben, about sharing him when he gets a little older. We could do that, couldn't we? And perhaps we could see each other sometimes, could we?"

"Maybe," he said, making for the door.

From there, he looked back. She had opened the bedroom door and was gazing in to where Christopher lay sleeping, with such a gentle happiness on her lips and in her eyes that Ben, closing the door behind him, felt a strange relief, as though the future were bright again.

THE END

MORE CRUNCH for your money

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Home to that good meal he needs!

OH, THAT BOY!

It's such a job to get him to wash his hands and tidy his hair before meals—he rushes home from school simply *ravenous.*

Jim's just the same . . . on the farm all day he gets hungry as a hunter, and when you work out of doors in all weathers you really need a good, filling meal. But, my goodness, when there's Batchelors Peas for lunch it's like a young stampede when they both come in for meals!

✱ *A nation-wide survey showed that of all women who named their favourite brand of peas, 4 out of 6 named Batchelors. And no wonder —they're the tenderest, plumpest peas you can buy. Get some in* today.

Batchelors PEAS

make a good meal WONDERFUL

BPP79.454

Island In The Sun

Continued from page 19

island better when I've seen the others."

"That's very true."

But that was only in part Bradshaw's reason for setting out upon this trip. He had come to suspect that nothing very dramatic was likely to happen in Santa Marta for several weeks. The stage was set, the characters were in the wings, each had his script, but the curtain was not likely to rise till after the elections.

"I'll be away about ten weeks," he told Maxwell. "That'll give me a week in each of the smaller islands, and a couple of weeks in Barbados. I shall finish with a day or two in Trinidad. As perhaps you know, there's a meeting there of the Caribbean Tourist Board. Several American reporters will be there. I'm persuading a few of them to come on here. I want them to write up Santa Marta as a summer resort. They might do something for the island. I don't see why not."

BRADSHAW'S eyes were heavy. In another hour he would be in Trinidad. He was on the last leg of his trip. For ten weeks he had been land hopping, and his attaché case bulged with travel folders. He had dispatched one article and had accumulated the material for a second. He was well documented now about the Caribbean.

At the airport he got a taxi to Port-of-Spain, and checked in to his hotel just before midnight.

Next morning in the library, Bradshaw studied the back files of *The Voice Of Santa Marta*. He had seen occasional issues in the other islands which he had visited, but he needed to get a consecutive all-in picture before his return.

As he skimmed through the back numbers he congratulated himself on his good judgment in having left when he had. Nothing much had happened in his absence; or at least in retrospect it did not seem that very much had happened. The elections had taken place, and both David Boyeur and Maxwell Fleury had been elected. That he already knew.

Grainger Morris had been appointed Attorney-General and there was a short article about his athletic feats in England; at the foot of the article was a paragraph that made Bradshaw raise his eyebrows: it announced the engagement of Grainger's young sister, Muriel, to David Boyeur. David wouldn't like that, Bradshaw thought, appearing at the foot of a column, as the future brother-in-law of the Attorney-General. He'd prefer to have the story, "BOYEUR'S FUTURE BROTHER-IN-LAW IS H.E'S CHOICE AS ATTORNEY-GENERAL."

Two days later, as his plane circled over Santa Marta, Bradshaw noted the familiar landmarks: the Union Jack flying from the terrace at Government House, the dark stonework of the fort, the great sweep of Grande Anse, the bright yellow of the sand and the palm grove flanking it, the broad river of sugar cane winding between the foothills.

As before, Denis Archer was at the airport to welcome him.

"H.E. wants to see you all as soon as possible," he told Bradshaw. "He wants to welcome the press boys you've brought. Can you bring them up for cocktails tonight? We've booked them into the St. James, but I gather you'd rather stay on at the Continental."

"I certainly should."

That night at G.H. Bradshaw kept himself in the background.

"What are young Templeton's plans?" he asked Archer.

"He goes up to Oxford in October," replied the A.D.C. "He'll be leaving in about a month."

"What about his fiancée?"

"She'll follow after Christmas and have an April marriage. H.E.'ll have been out a year by then. He'll be able to take ten days' leave."

Bradshaw nodded. The old boy had played his cards cleverly. He had had a tricky problem. H.E. had played for time, as the British always did.

"What about that pretty secretary of his? The one who used to work in a pharmacy?" he asked.

"She's fine. Is she a friend of yours?"

"Unfortunately not. I've never spoken to her. But I remember noticing her at the Nurses' Ball. She's very pretty."

"I think she is."

"Does she still work here?"

"She does."

His voice could not have been more offhand. Bradshaw switched the subject. "What about the Carson case? Any developments?"

"You'd better ask Whittingham that. He's more likely to talk to a newspaper man than an A.D.C."

The following morning Bradshaw toured the island with the other journalists. They took a picnic lunch. Four cars were booked, and several of the local girls were requisitioned to act as hostesses. Bradshaw was placed in the same car as Doris Kellaway. He had rung up Belfontaine after breakfast, and arranged that his car-load should look in for a punch after their bathe. He regarded Maxwell as a pipeline. That first election meeting had been one of his best stories.

"You wouldn't mind stopping there, would you?" he asked Doris.

"On the contrary, I was going to suggest it. I want to see Sylvia. You've heard her news?"

"I only got back yesterday."

"I know, but you might have heard. It's marvellous. She's going to have a baby."

"You're right, that is marvellous."

It should make all the difference to Maxwell. He had been such a problem child, by all accounts. He was a different person now; everyone said the same thing about him.

Certainly he could not have been more gracious in his welcoming of the journalists. He took them on a tour of the grounds.

Four months ago he would have been a poor advertisement for the island, now he was a good one.

Bradshaw turned to Sylvia. "Your husband does not seem the same person that he was when I came here first."

Sylvia smiled. "I have to thank you for that."

"You genuinely believe that article made all that difference?"

"He admits it himself. Maxwell always had a feeling that people were against him, that people despised him. And in addition, he had that insane, ridiculous hatred for the coloured people. He was no good on that account at running an estate. Then your article came out; he realized that he was one of them. It's made all the difference.

"What he thinks is that subconsciously he knew it all along. A nurse or a housemaid when he was a child must have made some remark about the Fleurys having coloured blood that lodged in his subconscious. Your article was a violent form of shock treatment."

"The change really started with that article?"

"The very day. He was furious, swearing all manner of vengeance against you. He drove into town, to see his father, directly after lunch. He came back a different man."

She smiled, a fond and tender smile that sprang from a deep well of happiness.

Bradshaw, too, smiled—for different reasons. He had known that he was betraying a trust when he had revealed the secret of the Fleury ancestry. The archdeacon should not have told him; but the archdeacon had. He would never have written the article if he had known that it would be reprinted in Santa Marta, yet there lay the irony of the situation. The one act of which he was ashamed since his arrival had unquestionably done good.

HE enlarged on the topic on the following day to Whittingham. He had gone there to check over his impressions before writing what he planned to be his farewell article.

"Out of evil, good," he said. "There's no doubt that Maxwell Fleury is a reformed character, and it's entirely due to that article. At least that's what his wife assures me."

"There's a change, all right; we've all noticed that."

"And it started on the day that article appeared."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Quite certain. I was at the club that evening. I confess that I was shy of going there, did not know how I should be received. Luckily, perhaps, for me, a good deal else was happening that night. Carson had that scene with Leisching."

"Did he now? Yes. Of course he did. I'd forgotten that." Whittingham pursed his lips. "Your article comes out in the morning. Young Fleury reads it at lunchtime. He hurries straight up to see his father; he goes round to the club, to make, as he called it, a gesture: to show everyone that he doesn't give a damn. He goes on foot so as to clear his mind. He passes Carson's house, just after Carson must himself have reached it; he may have passed it at the moment when Carson was being killed; he arrives at the club, in such a state of excitement that he never learns that Carson has had that scene with Leisching; he makes a long speech to

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER

The butler took a note to a distinguished guest—and ruffled the calm at Polesden

ONCE the Honourable Mrs. Ronald Greville, of Polesden Lacey, had a butler of character with a strong partiality for whisky. He appeared at one important dinner party merrily intoxicated. With dignity and presence of mind Mrs. Greville wrote on her silver-mounted notepad: "Leave the room instantly. You are drunk." She handed the note to the butler. With the utmost unconcern, he swayed down the side of the table and delivered it to the Lord Chancellor.

Mrs. Greville was a well-known hostess of her day. She frequently entertained King Edward VII at Polesden Lacey, and in 1923 she lent the house to the Duke of York (later King George VI) and his Duchess for part of their honeymoon.

Polesden's first owner of distinction was Admiral Sir Francis Geary, whose weakness was appalling indolence. In 1780, when ordered to watch the French fleet "as close as a cat watches a mouse," Geary simply could not be bothered. He did nothing at all.

In 1797 Polesden Lacey was bought as part of the marriage settlement of the second wife of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the dramatist and one of the greatest orators in our history. On February 7, 1787, he spoke in the Commons for five hours and forty minutes, urging the impeachment of Warren Hastings, former Governor-General of India.

Sheridan's great talents did not include a business sense or an aptitude for farming. He unwisely added acre to acre at Polesden. He almost believed he preferred country life to politics. He even wrote to his wife: "I think a great deal more of two great china jars I have bought for our dairy—and such a bargain!" He worried dreadfully about his crops. The rain, he complained, "made my bones ache for my harvest."

No trace of Sheridan's house at Polesden survives. Ten years after his death in 1816 it was sold. The next owner entirely rebuilt it. His successor, Sir Walter Farquhar, had a daughter who, at Polesden, refused a proposal of marriage from young Mr. Gladstone.

How to get there: Polesden Lacey is two miles south of Bookham (S.R.) and three miles north-west of Dorking (S.R.). *Open:* Saturdays and Sundays, 11 till 1, 2 till 6; Wednesdays and bank holidays (except Boxing Day), 2 till 6, or till dusk if earlier. *Closed:* January.

you." Whittingham paused. "Looking back, in what kind of mood would you have said he was in that night?" he asked.

"He was very self-assured. He took me aback. I'd never seen him like that before."

"The phrase is a cliché, but would you say he was bubbling over with some inner . . . I don't know what the word is—but you know what I mean."

"I do, I'd say that's how he was."

"And after he's made his speech, and stood drinks all round, he's still so absorbed in this discovery about himself that he doesn't listen to any gossip. He does not know about Carson's scene with Leisching. He hurries back, past Carson's house, notices incidentally that there are no lights on in the bedroom—you'd have imagined he was too busy with his own thoughts to have noticed that—and drives straight out to Belfontaine. And his wife tells you that from that evening on, he's a different person."

"Are you any nearer to finding out who did kill Carson? Are you any nearer to an arrest?" Bradshaw asked.

"You've been away ten weeks. That means I'm ten weeks nearer."

"You're confident that you'll get him?'"

"Quite confident."

"I suppose you can't tell me anything."

"Nothing that you could use. I'm afraid that you'll have to do what I do: sit and wait."

That evening Bradshaw settled down to compose his final article. He wrote in a carefree, almost a valedictory mood. "Volcanoes can remain quiescent for several years." That was his general thesis. Santa Marta had rumbled, had sent up clouds of smoke, there had been flashes of fire. But for the moment there seemed no immediate anxiety. The elections had passed off quietly. David Boyeur was now a person in authority. The best way to disarm a revolutionary was to give him a public office.

Bradshaw drew a parallel between the political situation and the apparent inactivity of the police in connection with the Carson case. Nearly three months had passed, no movement had been made by the police, yet it would be as unwise for that criminal to become complacent as it would be for the Colonial Office in Whitehall to look on Santa Marta as a file that could be shut away. The police were accumulating evidence. . . .

MAXWELL read the article in the club. He had come in for the day to stock up on groceries. He had left Sylvia behind. He did not want to have her travelling on that bumpy road more often than was necessary.

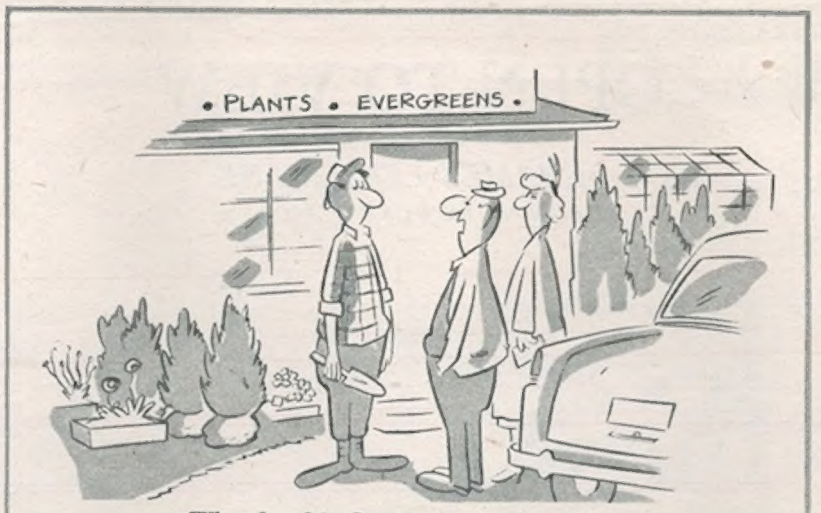
He sat by the window, staring at that final paragraph. Was Bradshaw right? Did the police know? Was it only a journalist's guesswork? For ten weeks now he had let himself forget about that dark half-hour in that hidden house. There had been so much else to think about. There had been the excitement of the election, then there'd been Sylvia's news. So much had been happening; everything had gone so well. Yet all the time the enemy was drawing closer.

He rose. He'd have no peace of mind till he'd seen Whittingham.

He drove around without ringing first. As usual Whittingham was in.

"Forgive my barging in like this," Maxwell said, "but our telephone's impossible. Sylvia won't be coming into town more than she can help these next few months. But she doesn't want to lose touch with her friends. So I'm trying to arrange to have people out to dinner at Belfontaine. Not big parties, never more than six. And we should so like it if you and your wife could come out one evening. What day would suit you best? We'd like it to be soon."

Did it sound convincing? Maxwell wondered. He had only thought up the scheme on the spur of the moment. But the ideas that came to you in a flash were often the best. Whittingham had not seemed surprised. He was looking at his calendar. "Nothing I



"What has big flowers, grows anywhere, and requires no care whatsoever?"

should enjoy better," he was saying, "and my wife'll love it. Sylvia was always a favourite of hers. How would Monday suit you?"

"Monday's fine."

There was a pause. Maxwell looked away. A copy of *The Voice* lay on the desk; it was open at the leader page, with Bradshaw's article staring at him. Whittingham must have been reading it when he came in. He had not meant to mention the case this time; but with the article on the desk between them, it would be suspicious if he did not mention it, particularly in view of their last talk.

"I see you've been reading that article of Bradshaw's."

"I was just finishing it."

"I suppose he got his facts from you."

"He had a talk with me the other day, but you know what journalists are like. They paint with a broad brush."

"He says you know who did it."

"I know certain things. I can guess at certain things."

"What things?"

"You can't expect me to tell you that."

"No, but——" Maxwell paused, embarrassed. Was he being too eager? "I'm sorry. I apologize. I shouldn't have asked you that."

"My dear boy, you can ask me what you like. I can't tell you everything, but I can tell you quite a lot. I know that you're discreet. And even if you weren't, it wouldn't matter. There are one or two things I'd be quite happy to have that fellow know. I like to remind him now and then that I'm still watching him."

His voice had a drowsy hypnotic quality. As always the right-hand bottom drawer of his desk had been pulled out; he now put his foot in it, and began with its leverage to rotate his swivel chair.

"You may think I'm looking for a needle in a haystack; but this island is, in proportion, much smaller than a haystack and the man is a great deal larger than a needle. I've been able to limit the field considerably."

He spoke slowly, repeating himself, taking a quarter of an hour to explain how he had thrown the wallet out of a car that was being driven northward along the windward coast.

Maxwell fidgeted as he listened. It was difficult to look interested in the recounting of an incident with whose each least detail he was familiar. It was hard not to prompt him, to hurry up the telling, hard not to be impatient. At last Whittingham reached his climax. "You see how that narrows the field?" he said.

Maxwell started. The cessation of that slow monotone shook him out of his trance. He must not be intelligent, ask questions, the right kind of questions.

"How does it do that?" he asked.

"A clever fellow, who thinks he's cleverer than he is."

"But is that all you know?"

"Of course not; not by any means."

"What more, then, do you know about him? I'm assuming that it's him, not her."

"Yes, I'm assuming that."

"If it wasn't done by a thief who was surprised," said Maxwell, "and if it wasn't done by a woman, if it was done by a clever man who wasn't as clever as he thought, why on earth should that kind of man want to murder Carson?"

"It was not premeditated."

"Then why——?"

"It was an accident. That's what I've concluded. Carson was in a strange mood that night. He had drunk a great deal. He had been humiliated in the club. He was a choleric man. He might have found an acquaintance waiting for him when he got back or he might have met someone in the street, and asked him to come in for a drink. He did that kind of thing. Then they had a quarrel, and Carson took a slug at the chap and slipped, and as he fell, he flung out his arms and the other fellow was across him, pinioning him with his knees; he was seeing red, his hands were at Carson's throat; that's how it must have been.

"In two minutes there was Carson dead. It was the last thing that the poor devil had in mind. If only he'd come to the police station right away, we might have smoothed it out. What a fool he was!"

"Indeed!" It came, that "Indeed," from his very heart. What a fool he'd been! What a crazy fool!

"So that's the way it was," said

TEMPTATION—6

There are several good protections against temptation, but the surest is cowardice.

Mark Twain

Whittingham. "You see now, don't you, that I've narrowed my field considerably?"

And you suspect me, don't you? Maxwell thought. *Or you think it's possible. . . . And you're right, but you can't prove it. You've got no evidence. You never will get it. You'll never have anything to go on.*

"But all this is supposition, isn't it?" he asked. "It's not even circumstantial evidence, it's only guesswork."

"That's what it would look like in a court of law; but you can't think what a difference it makes to the policeman when he knows who his prey is, and what a difference it makes to the criminal when he knows that the detective knows. There's a curious cat-and-mouse relationship between the two. Have you read *Crime And Punishment?*"

"No, what is it?"

"It's a novel by Dostoevski, about a young student who needs money to continue his studies and kills an old pawnbroker, then robs her. It is a curious book; it was written by an intellectual whom highbrows rave about, yet he wrote the best detective story I've ever read. He understands both the criminal and the detective. I was rereading it the other day. I go back to it to remind myself of the essentials of my profession. As a matter of fact, I've got my copy here. I'll lend it to you. It'll show you how the game is played.

"A person who can't imagine himself committing a crime—a person like yourself, for instance—can't realize the curious affinity that exists between the policeman and the criminal. The criminal lives in a prison of his own devising; he can't speak openly to a soul. The only person who understands him is the policeman who is chasing him.

"They share a secret; they have a deep-based bond. The criminal is drawn to the detective because the detective is the one man in the world who understands him. Ordinary people, his friends and family, are foreigners. He is himself only in the detective's office. You read it. I'll collect it when I come out on Monday. You'll have finished it by then. You won't be able to put it down, I promise you."

As he drove that afternoon along the windward coast of Santa Marta, Maxwell told himself, *He knows.*

He passed the cane field where the watch lay rotting. Why couldn't the wallet have been like the watch, lying there hidden in mud, exposed to rain and the sun? The watch—that was another slip that he made. Referring to the watch before he could have known about it. One of his worst slips. Every step of the way he had led and guided Whittingham.

He knows. Of course he knows; but he can't do anything, Maxwell reassured himself.

The sun was low in the sky when he reached Belfontaine. Sylvia was sitting on the veranda. She was wearing a white off-shoulder blouse. She leaned against him; raising her face, letting her kiss linger against his, fondly, deeply, tenderly.

"I didn't expect you back so soon. I thought you'd be going to the club," she said.

"Leaving you all alone here?"

"I'd have been all right. I'd have been happy with my thoughts. You mustn't cut yourself off from things on my account."

"I wasn't. I was being selfish. This is where I want to be."

"Ah, darling!"

They sat on the balcony, watching the sun sink into the sea. They talked, casually, with pauses drifting into their talk. Six months ago he would have been embarrassed if there had been any pause in the flow of talk. He was not now.

"I never knew I could be as happy as this," she said. "I didn't know such happiness existed. I haven't got a trouble in the world."

He stretched out his hand, laid it over hers and pressed it. If only he could have said, "I too." He ought to have been able to say, "I too." He had everything now that he had lacked four months ago. He, too, should be without a trouble in the world. If only there were not this shadow over everything.

"I wonder if it'll be a boy or if it'll be a girl," she said.

"Which would you rather?"

It was a question that they asked each other every day. They had drawn up a list of names, one day preferring one name, the next another.

"I don't really care," she said. "I shan't be disappointed either way. Will you?"

She paused and her eyes went seaward. "I'm so glad we're having one now, when we're so happy. It must make a difference to the child."

Maxwell closed his eyes. *If only,* he thought, *if only*——. But even if Whittingham knew, what was there he could do? He'd no evidence. Not a shred of evidence.

To be continued next week

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Wants The Earth	Stopped The Show
Goddess Of Spring	Brief, Bright And
What We're Up Against	Somebody Else
Education's Ladder	Helpless As A Babe
Workers	Those Cats
Long Arm Of The Law	On The Right Side
Made Their Home	Watered Down
Without A Struggle	She's A Bit Dim, But

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

Spare The.....And Chock-full Of.....
Didn't Seem To..... Fiendish.....
Protected By..... .....To Mother

"WE all read newspapers, see films, hear the radio—so we all start level in *Bullets*," said this London storeman. He is Mr. S. Dickerson (66 Dickens Road, East Ham), who won £500 for the *Bullet*: MANSION, LIMOUSINE, YACHT — THROUGH "BUILDING," "DRIVING," "FLOATING—".

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For ten winners of £2 10s. see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. Further 25 prizes of £1 and 100 of 10s. have been posted, also awards to sharers of £25 Jackpot.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated March 31), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, March 17, for early news of No. 2,028 result.)

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